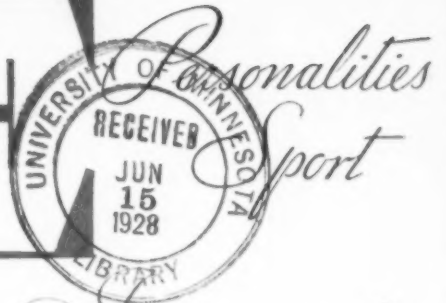


Amusement
News

LIFE

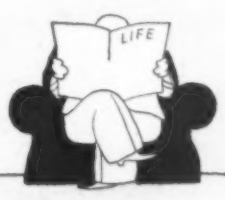
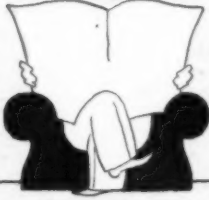
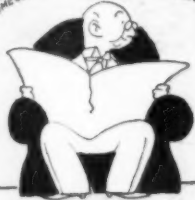


5 Cents

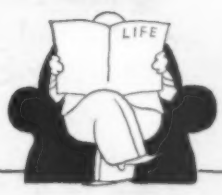
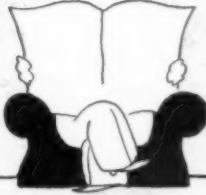


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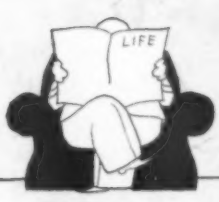
"SEE THAT ALL THE CANDIDATES HAVE
COME OUT FLATLY IN FAVOR OF PROHIBITION."



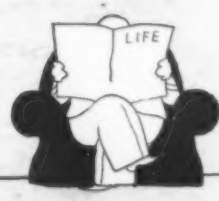
"IS THAT SO? THEY SAY HERE
THAT PERSONAL LIBERTY
MUST BE GUARANTEED!"



"ON THE CONTRARY, EVERY MAN
STATES EMPHATICALLY THAT
THE LAW MUST BE ENFORCED!!"



"THIS EDITORIAL SAYS THAT
THEY ARE ALL AFRAID
TO FACE THE ISSUE!!"



"WHY NOT STOP ARGUING AND VOTE
FOR THE ONLY CANDIDATE WHO SAYS
WHAT HE THINKS—WILL ROGERS!!!"



GW

For President  WILL ROGERS

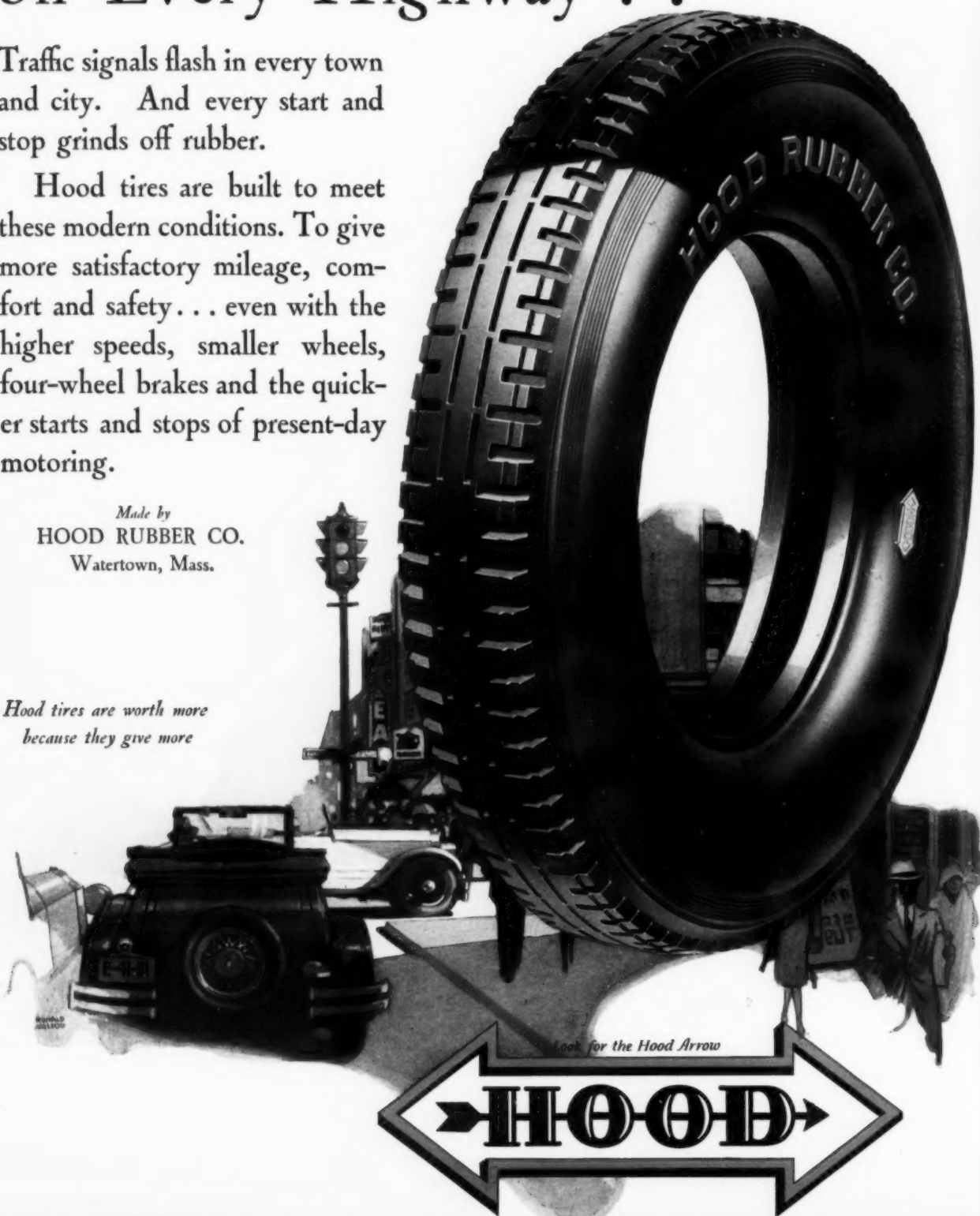
Red *and* Green Lights on Every Highway . .

Traffic signals flash in every town and city. And every start and stop grinds off rubber.

Hood tires are built to meet these modern conditions. To give more satisfactory mileage, comfort and safety . . . even with the higher speeds, smaller wheels, four-wheel brakes and the quicker starts and stops of present-day motoring.

Made by
HOOD RUBBER CO.
Watertown, Mass.

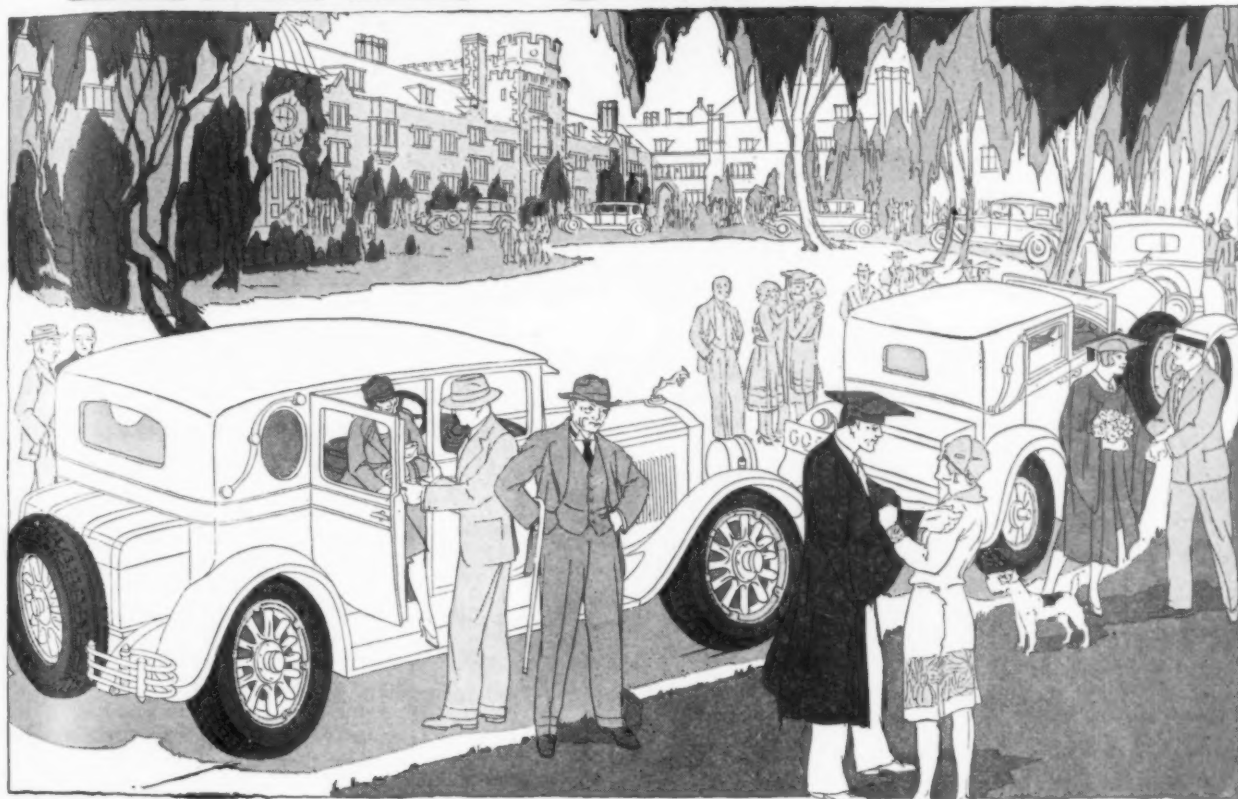
*Hood tires are worth more
because they give more*



RUBBER FOOTWEAR CANVAS SHOES PNEUMATIC TIRES SOLID TIRES HEELS - SOLES - TILING
HOOD THE SYMBOL OF WORLD WIDE SERVICE IN QUALITY RUBBER PRODUCTS

CAMPUS CROWDS RIDE ON TIRES BY

LEE of Conshohocken



With Commencement over, thousands of young hopefuls enter the business world. They'll do things we can't. They'll think of things we don't. They'll ask questions we dare not.

Young America wants to know the why and wherefore of prices and values. Would that all automobile owners were more like them.

Conscientious tire makers like LEE of Conshohocken crave the spotlight of test and analysis, knowing that truth hurts only the untruthful.

It would be silly to say that no tires are as good as Tires by LEE of Conshohocken. Some manufacturers are making excellent tires—but we try our hardest to outdo them.

If there were better materials we would buy them, if new processes would add to a tire's life, we would use them.

The name Lee on tires, tubes and every rubber product we make, must be a Hall Mark of quality, worthy of the faith of our several thousand Lee dealers and their multitude of tire customers.

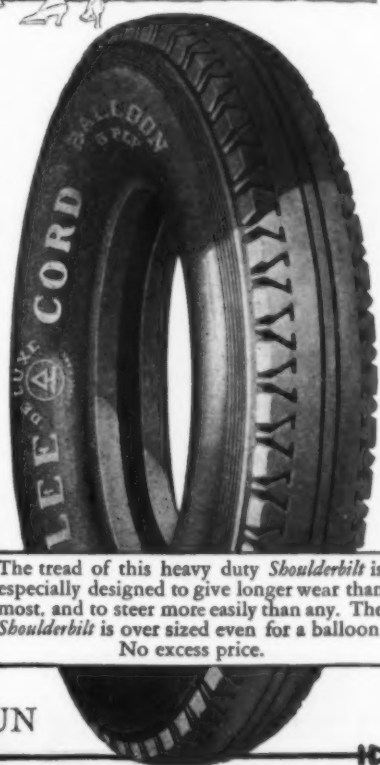


LEE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

Factories: Conshohocken, Pa. and Youngstown, Ohio



COST NO MORE TO BUY ~ MUCH LESS TO RUN



The tread of this heavy duty *Shoulderbilt* is especially designed to give longer wear than most, and to steer more easily than any. The *Shoulderbilt* is over sized even for a balloon. No excess price.



*Give her jewelry . . . Its appeal becomes
more precious with the memories of each
passing year.*



© 1928 M.A.C.

For
GIFTS that LAST
Consult your Jeweler

NATIONAL JEWELERS PUBLICITY ASSOCIATION

LIFE: Published Weekly by Life Publishing Company, 598 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. Subscription, \$5.00. Vol. 91, No. 2380, June 14, 1928. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter, June 8, 1883, at New York Post Office, under act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter at the Post Office Dept., Canada. Copyright 1928, Life Pub. Co., in U. S., England and British Possessions.

An Answer to Mr. Grantland Rice's "The Fettered Eagle"

WHY should you scoff at crowds who
jostle and shove and clutch,
And cluster about a god, trying to see
or touch?

Why do you say they stare to see if his
wings are true?

They are not seeing wings; they stare at
a dream come true.

Maybe in their rude hearts his bravery
woke a song

That sounded above the dirge for dreams
that were dead too long;

Doesn't the voiceless mute sigh when
the tenor sings?

Pity the earthbound clod who touches
the eagle's wings.

Vaughan Poppe.

I Am Determined

I HAVE never underrated anybody. I look forward to a real fight, and I might add that I fear no man in the world at my weight; I am ready. It's all in how you train. During the past month I have run four miles each day. Each day I have shadow-boxed for an hour in order to perfect a stiff, straight left jab and a punishing right cross; moreover, I have skipped rope for an hour so as to put some much-needed springiness in my legs. I have also practiced a crouch, a weaving, swaying motion of the body, and a bobbing of the head that will permit me to roll with punches. I have gone in for weight-lifting and wrestling, too, because they are of immense value in developing a technique for tying up your man in the clinches. I have also done some high-jumping, mixing it up now and then with a little brisk leap-frogging.

Perhaps this will be my last fight. Who knows? All I know is that I am determined to enjoy the Tunney-Heeney bout without interference from the other forty-dollar-seat holders.

Tup.

The Club Grouch

"You used to be able to get—
in this club, but not any more; not with this House Committee we've got now."

*A decent steak . . . Hot toast . . . A little thing like a two-cent stamp . . . Common courtesy . . . Enough bread . . . A cake of real soap . . . Warm plates . . . Intelligent house service . . . The evening papers . . . Onion soup . . . Writing paper . . . Coffee that tastes like coffee . . . Quick action on complaints . . . Cheese with your pie . . . A telephone message . . . A good cigar . . . A drink.

A. H. F.

AN Iowa judge has held that a radio is a musical instrument. Then we had an evening last week that was plainly in contempt of court.

—*Nation's Business.*

The *best* gasolines become *better* when ETHYL is added

RACING car drivers *can't* take a chance with their engines.

Before a race they test their cars with the best gasoline obtainable. Then they add "Ethyl" fluid—the anti-knock compound—to develop the last ounce of power for speed and safety.

Similarly, leading oil companies are adding "Ethyl" fluid to the gasoline produced for the general motoring public, so that your car too may increase its performance under all driving conditions.

This fuel is called Ethyl Gasoline and is sold at pumps which display the emblem shown below.

Read the facts about Ethyl Gasoline given below. Remember that even the best gasolines become better when "Ethyl" fluid is added.

Then give Ethyl a trial. Its price is merely the price of good motor gasoline plus the few extra pennies the "Ethyl" ingredient costs. But what a difference it makes in your car!

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
25 Broadway, New York City 56 Church St., Toronto, Canada

What Ethyl Gasoline is

ETHYL GASOLINE was developed by General Motors research to provide a more efficient fuel for internal combustion engines.

It is formed by adding Ethyl brand of anti-knock compound ("Ethyl" fluid) to selected motor gasoline in an amount sufficient to utilize the higher compression created by carbon deposits or advanced engine design.

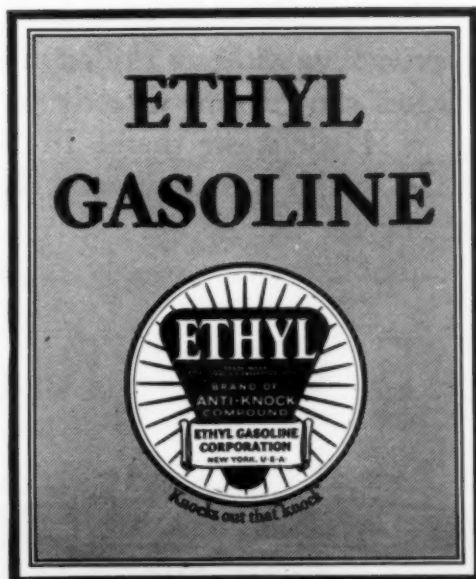
"Ethyl" fluid is a concentrated liquid containing tetraethyl lead which has the property of controlling the combustion rate of gasoline. It is a patented product.

Only oil refining companies licensed to sell Ethyl Gasoline can mix "Ethyl" fluid with their gasoline. In every case the amount of "Ethyl" fluid must be sufficient to meet a definite standard of "anti-knock" quality rigidly controlled by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

Ethyl Gasoline is colored red for identification. The color has nothing whatever to do with its performance. It takes more than dye to make "anti-knock" gasoline.

Ethyl Gasoline is sold only at pumps which display the "Ethyl" trademark.

Ethyl Gasoline is the yardstick by which other gasolines are measured.



What Ethyl Gasoline does

If your car is designed to operate on ordinary gasoline, the use of Ethyl Gasoline will:
Eliminate "that knock" and power loss.

Make carbon deposits a source of extra power. For carbon increases compression and Ethyl Gasoline is the high compression fuel.

Give a smoother and better pulling engine, particularly on hills and heavy roads.

Reduce gear-shifting and increase acceleration, thereby making traffic driving easier.

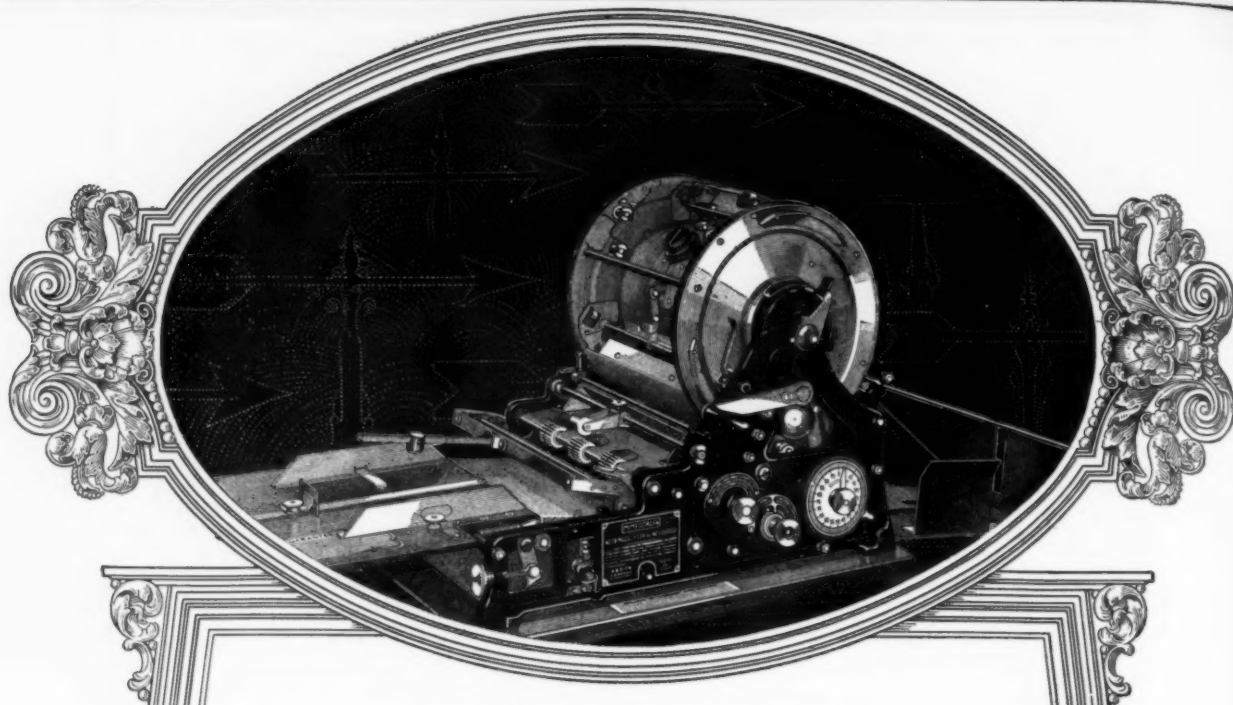
Cut down vibration, thereby reducing engine wear and tear and depreciation.

Save you the expense of carbon removal and other repairs caused by "knocking" and carbon formation.

Give more power per gallon for your fuel bills—and more mileage as compression is increased by carbon deposits.

If your car is a high compression car, just remember that Ethyl Gasoline made it possible and its use is necessary to obtain maximum performance.

In short, Ethyl Gasoline increases the performance of any automobile engine—whatever its compression—whatever the climate or other driving conditions.



THROWN TO THE WIND

This company spends a great many thousands of dollars every year in general advertising. A substantial part of it is thrown to the wind—that chance may carry it where it will get attention. We must cannonade our messages to every possible user of duplicating devices. We must maintain a world-wide reputation. But for the getting of immediate sales there is an infinitely more direct way. The Mimeograph is the great duplicator of typewritten letters, announcements, bulletins, etc., in which may also be easily included tracings of maps, plans and designs. The work is done at high speed and accurately, at a very small cost and privately, without skilled help. And every message it duplicates can be sent directly to the person to whom it should go. Little waste there! In direct selling the world over the Mimeograph is a mighty and economical factor. Get particulars from the A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—or from branch in almost every large city. Dealers everywhere.

M I M E O G R A P H





LIFE



OUR CANDIDATE IN KANSAS CITY

Mingling with the Riff-Raff

BY

Will Rogers

I AM conducting my Campaign along novel and dignified lines, in fact, I am now at present at the Republican Convention.

Now in the old days a Candidate would not dare go and visit the Convention of his forthcoming adversary, but I just swallowed pride, and here I am just mixing and mingling as though nothing had ever happened.

There never was so much modesty and downright "Mingling with the plain people" as I am showing.

I am carrying on a front porch Campaign right at the Meulback Hotel. Course there is no front porch to it, and if there was it would be so clogged up with badges that you couldnt find a seat on it.

But I am here just as though a little later I wouldnt be taking up arms against these same people.

You see I am conducting my Campaign along the lines of the regular business man, that is, get out and see what "Your Opposition" is doing, I am just watching to see what they do, and from the looks of things after being here a few days, it don't look like our party will have much opposition, for I haven't seen these do anything yet.

And then to show the people that I



am really "common," in fact, almost "ordinary," I am going right on down to mix with the Democrats.

No opposing Candidate ever lowered his dignity that much, but I am, I even want to see what they do, not that it will make any difference in the general result, but I just want to be well posted even on inconsequential.

Now for instance the Republican that is nominated here, you could no more get him to pay Houston a visit than he would carry out a promise. He wouldnt be seen there.

But I will, I am going right to the bottom of politics.

I AM not going to do anything about suggesting a Cabinet till I get the guarantee of a few more votes. Peggy Joyce is kinder crowding me on wanting to be Secretary of the Treasury, and I may have to marry her to get rid of her. She feels that in four years she could pull off enough marriages to put this country on its financial feet.

Course Judge Lindsey has helped a lot with my Campaign so I will no doubt make him Secretary of "Domestic Relations."

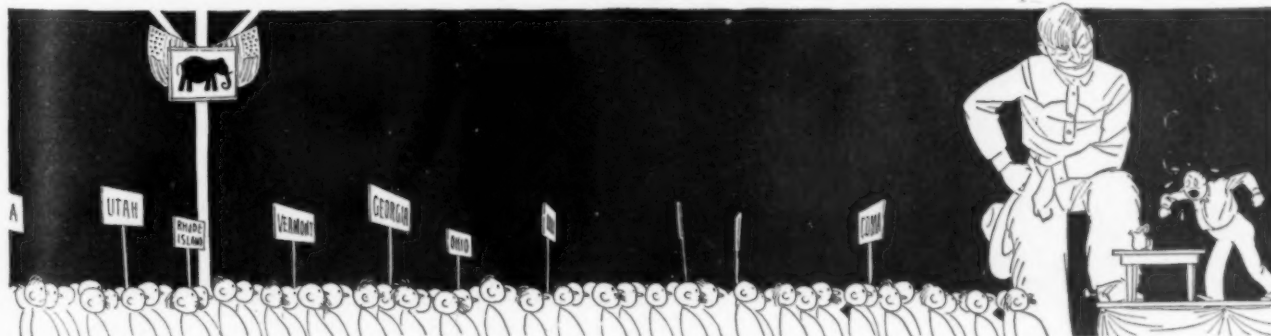
He has some kind of scheme where he is going to try and get America to live together.

Course personally I don't care who or which they live with as long as they vote, it's their vote and not their morals that I am interested in.

I am in favor of having a plank in our platform giving a "Vote for Every Marriage," I think that is little enough to get for a marriage.

I've just been talking to William Randolph White of Emporia, Kans., he has been defeated for office and was giving me some tips.

He don't care who will be elected as long as he can write the next President's Autobiography, he has it already written, all he has to do is to put in the name.



He has used it on three or four others, but he says people are just beginning to know it, and the better an Autobiography is known, why the better it is for everybody concerned.

Just talked to Alice, she is for me as soon as she sees that Nick is definitely out of the running.

Borah is for me, too, but he has been connected with the minority so long that

his support would put us on about the level with the Democrats.

It's pretty hot here in Kansas City, but it's a great rehearsal for us that has to go to Houston. Just had a talk with Charlie Curtis on "Does Loyalty Pay?" and I saw my old friend Dwight Morrow. We went out and got some Chili-Con Carne.

Well, so long. Today is the day they nominate him, so I guess I'll run over and see who he is.

(Our Candidate is moving next to Houston, Texas, where he will fraternize with the Democrats. His next two messages will be sent from there. As soon as he has had a chance to study their platform, and compare it with the Republicans' temporary stage, he will announce his own campaign promises, in full. As he has already said, "I can promise you more than they can for I will have the last promise. Whatever they offer you I will raise 'em at least 20%.")

WANTED: TEN MILLION VOTES FOR ROGERS

Professional Voters Need Not Apply

THEY laughed when Will Rogers threw his ten-gallon hat into the ring.

But when they discovered the kick contained in those ten gallons, their laughter turned to cheers.

Americans of every political faith, creed and previous condition of servitude are hailing the Bunkless Party and its sterling candidate as deliverers from the tyranny of hokum.

The politicians themselves are doing everything in their power to win Will Rogers away from the independents. Republicans and Democrats alike are anxious to have him occupy a seat on their own rickety band-wagons.

Will Rogers, however, prefers to ride alone—well, not quite alone. He doesn't care how many voters go along. *But they must be amateurs!*

If you're in sympathy with this great movement away from bunk, or if you have any questions to ask of our candidate, or platform planks to suggest, address the Rogers Campaign Headquarters, 598 Madison Ave., New York City.

A GREAT many people have asked, "Who is the Vice-Presidential candidate of the Bunkless Party?"

The answer to that is easy: we haven't any, and we don't intend to have one.

In fact, one of the major forms of bunk that we propose to eliminate is the Vice-Presidency—thereby saving the taxpayers a salary of \$15,000. All that the Vice-President does, anyway, is to sit behind a desk in the Senate, and break a gavel now and then. We feel that Will Rogers is competent to handle the Senate single-handed.

THE OTHER day a reporter from the New York *World* asked that great woman, Helen Keller, to give her opinion on the present political situation. Said Miss Kel-

ler: "If I had my choice, I would nominate Will Rogers and Lindbergh. Rogers would think of so many nice things to do and Lindy would fly around and tell everybody about them. The whole country would be full of laughter, and laughter is good for people."

Another of our most useful citizens, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, shares Miss Keller's views. In a letter to the Rogers-for-President Committee, he said:

"With a view to making Republican success in November absolutely certain, I have for some months past been quietly advocating the following program for the Kansas City convention:

"For President: Hon. William Rogers, of California.

"For Vice-President: Hon. Charles Lindbergh, of Minnesota.

"Platform: We talk and fly.

"My judgment is that this ticket would

sweep the country. One legalistically-minded politician objects to it on the ground that my candidate for Vice-President is not thirty-five years of age. In reply I point out to him that the Constitution says nothing about the age of the Vice-President, and I am not contemplating that my candidate for President will either die or resign. However, this objection is typical of what must be met if one endeavors to guide one's countrymen aright and aloft."

THERE is practically no doubt that the team of Rogers and Lindbergh could sweep the country, even if they were running on the Democratic ticket.

But it wouldn't be fair to impose the Vice-Presidency on Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. He's done too much for this country to be rewarded with a sentence of four years in the United States Senate.

In answer to other questions, we beg to state that Our Candidate will have a Cabinet, and that he will announce its membership before Election Day. Most presidential candidates wait till the votes have all come in from the outlying districts, and they are sure of the election, before they tell the public that Albert B. Fall and Will H. Hays are going to be in the next Cabinet.

Will Rogers will make no secret of his plans. In fact, the Cabinet officers you vote for will be the Cabinet officers you get—and then, if any oil scandals turn up, you will have only yourself to blame.

All those who weren't nominated at Kansas City are now joining the Will Rogers Bunkless Party.

All those who won't be nominated at Houston will be with us soon.

The Bunkless Party is the Haven for Dissatisfied Voters, and the number of those is increasing every day.



Our Candidate's Hat

A forceful study in comparisons, reprinted from the Birmingham Age-Herald.

An Open Letter to the Erskine Foundation of Traffic Research, Harvard University

GENTLEMEN:

We out here in San Francisco are given to understand that you are attempting to relieve the traffic jam problem. But what we want to know is this: are you taking cognizance of the worst traffic jam problem of all?

I refer, gentlemen, to the deplorable congestion that occurs invariably in the short but slender neck of an olive bottle whenever one attempts to extract therefrom an olive.

A careful survey shows me that it takes on an average of five minutes to straighten out an olive bottle jam. Assuming that 1,897,874 bottles of olives are opened every year, we waste 9,489,370 golden minutes, 158,156.166666 glorious hours, 6,589.8 beautiful days or approximately 18 years every year!

San Francisco always has been considerate of its bottles. Times when we have felt like blasting off the neck of an olive bottle we have restrained ourselves, for the humblest bottle sometimes comes in handy. But San Francisco, gentlemen, is near the end of its patience. It appeals to you to answer some questions:

Would it be possible to establish a traffic control system for olive consump-



HE MARRIED A TELEPHONE OPERATOR

NURSE: Your wife says will you excuse it, please?

tion whereby the olive on the right would have the undisputed right of way?

Could "stop" and "go" signals be

placed at the mouths of olive bottles to avert the jams that always come during the moments when everyone is shouting to hurry up the next one?

Would your institution be willing to aid in a campaign to have a piece of lead placed in one olive in each bottle, in place of the seed, so that the olive thus ballasted would roll out first and blaze a clear trail for its compatriots?

Or must we, in a day of modern methods, still continue the ancient custom of breaking up olive traffic jams with the handle of a knife or fork?

San Francisco, gentlemen,—as well as the entire nation—eagerly awaits some word that will solve this matter.

Vry trl. yrs,

Chet Johnson.

A LADY SEEKS PRIVACY

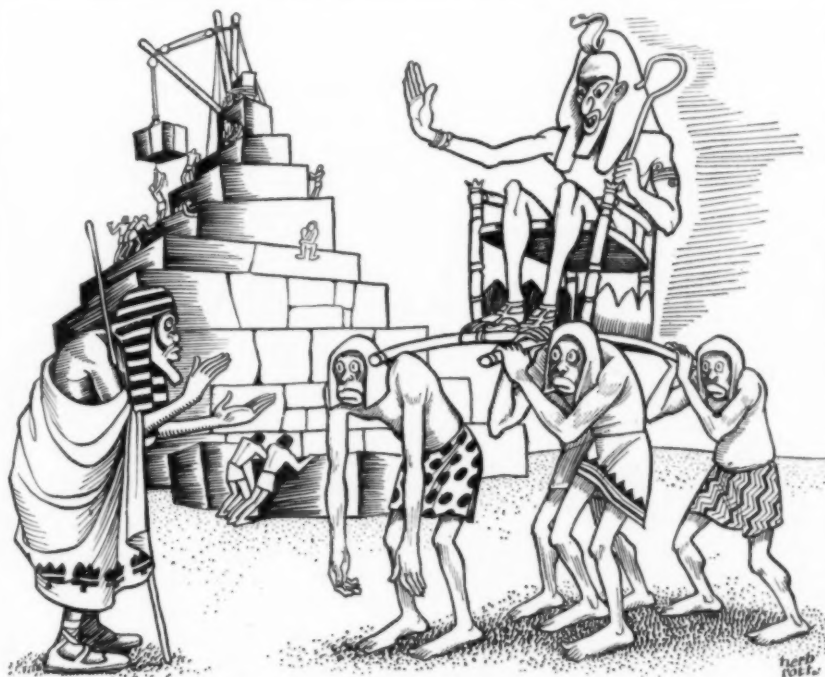
In Order to Tear Petals Off a Daisy

To think a grown-up girl like me
Should close her office door to see
If this fool daisy will reveal
What that gent does or doesn't feel.

Tracy.

"THAT fellow Jones is rich, isn't he? I guess he was born with a gold spoon in his mouth."

"Well, maybe. But I'll bet it had the name of some restaurant on it."



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN KING (inspecting his tomb): It's a rotten, grafting job. Terrible architecture! I wouldn't be found dead in it!



"Hey! What's the idea?"

"Well, I guess I'm going to help Mother clean the living-room."

The Man That Writes French Composition Books Does a Cigarette Advertisement

(1.) The cigarette which my company has made is better than the cigarette which another company has made. (2.) In it there is flavor, mildness, and good taste. (3.) It has also some tobacco. (4.) If it were not good it would not be popular. (5.) The large wife of my gardener smokes often. (6.) Because her throat is tender she smokes very many cigarettes. (7.) She was accustomed to cough loudly, but now she does not do it. (8.) Although she was blindfolded she chose rightly. (9.) Have you any dimes, nickels, or pennies? (10.) Spend them, please, and blow rings with the pretty smoke.

W. W. Scott.

It Happens Every Day, Really

"A New York Stock Exchange firm has opened an uptown office for women only."

—News item.

"You really think I should buy Motors? Don't you think I'll make more if I buy that Radio stock that goes up twenty points almost every day? Don't you think so, really? They won't print my name on the ticker or in the paper or anywhere when I buy it, will they? Oh, I see. I'm glad of that. I do so much dis-

like any form of publicity. The papers are just always after me, you know. Of course you can't appreciate how I feel. Will the Exchange members know who is buying the stock? They don't have to call out my name on the floor of the Exchange, do they? You say nobody will know a thing about it? That will be lovely, don't you think? Well, I'll stop in again some time. There's no hurry about buying anything. Is there, really?"

John Read.



"How is it Bill has two caddies and you none?"

"One's mine—he keeps track of Bill's score for me."

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

SEX appeal is a mysterious something that lures the members of one sex towards the other.—Bernarr Macfadden.

It is wrong to detain milk bottles.

—Arthur Brisbane.

Mr. President, for more than nineteen centuries mankind has had three unfailing sources of inspiration to heroic efforts, great accomplishments, and sublime achievements. For more than nineteen hundred years the three words that represent these ever-flowing fountains of inspiration have charmed the ears, brightened the hopes, and thrilled the hearts of all the children of men. They have incited the genius that has produced the most exquisite pictures ever painted, the most beautiful poems ever written, the most melodious songs ever sung—songs, poems, and pictures that have given us sunshine for our shadows, joy for our sorrows, smiles for our tears, and intimated to us the endless bliss of immortality in that "realm where the rainbow never fades," where no one ever grows old, where friends never part and loved ones never, never die.

These three mighty, magic, and inspiring words are "Jesus," "Home," and "Mother."—Senator Neely.

Any man who marries a woman just because she has \$10,000 is a piker.

—Dorothy Dix.

The fact that a girl of three is enchanted by the gift of a doll, and the same girl at seventeen insulted by it, does not mean that the girl at seventeen has lost either her happiness or her enthusiasm; but that the enthusiasm, formerly aroused by dolls, is now stimulated by something else.—William Lyon Phelps.

I feel it in my soul that I will be the next President.—Rev. Alonso P. Workman, of Joplin, Mo.

"A writer," said my editorial friend. "is only God's stenographer."

—Bruce Barton.

Business is one of the two chief factors in the world's civilization. Business is the other factor.—J. C. Penny.

The American girl is the most potential force for good on earth today.

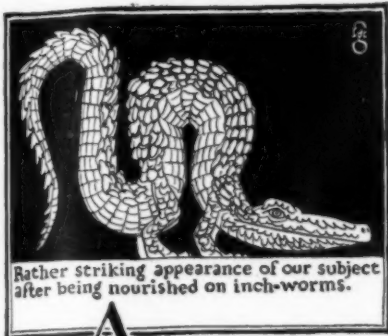
—Katherine Mayo.

Marriage is not by any means a state of bliss.—Count Hermann Keyserling.

Life, after all, is much of a gamble.

—Bruno Lessing.

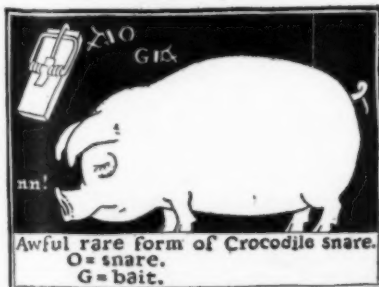
THE AL-CRO'-LI-CO-GA-DILE'-TOR



AH! Behold the Alligator, with his nobby coat of mail from his nasal ventilator to the ceasing of his tail.

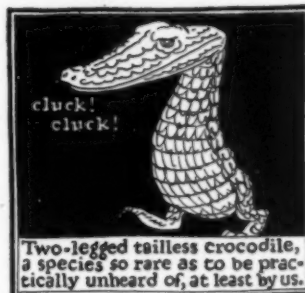


Now the Gator's occupation is to prostrate around with an eye for sustentation, submarine or on the ground.



Crocodiles and Alligators are so much alike to me that the difference between them totals less than I can see

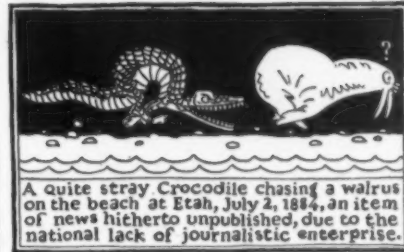
Here's a good denominator (since they're so alike in style), call them either "Crocogator" or the other, "Allidile".



Gator peel is used for gaiters, reticules and bags and belts; tote-'ems for peregrinators, + studded swell with nobby welts.



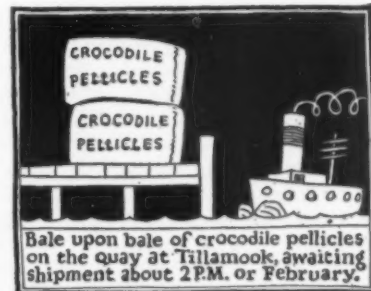
Gators are a big edition of some cussed little lizard needing added composition to garage his bigger gizzard,



but the scientific reason that the Gator's skin is bigger than the lizard's is because he's got a great deal bigger figure.

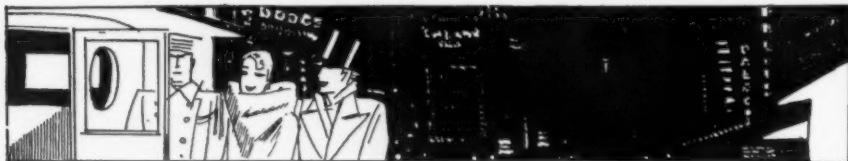


And the Crocogator's teary but it's not from inner seething; please to recollect, my dearie, how you wept when you were teething.



Crocogators come from egglets, like a chicken or a rooster, but with twice as many leglets. Anyhow, I hear they useter.

† This refers to the baggage, not to the passengers.



ALONG THE MAIN STEM

DEAR PAL WILLARD:

Your missive (pardon the elevated bonnet) just came, and I'm glad that you got a kick out of the Nick, the Greek yarn. But when you pant for more character studies on the natives here I get frightened. In the first place, mine pel, most of the phonies along the Big Apple are as shady as the Street itself, and they no like having their skeletons rattled. The ones that I'm not afraid of have histories



as uninteresting as girls who kiss with their eyes open, so I hope I've made myself clearer than Mineralava.

But there is one gay boy, who does his whoopee-making right out loud along the canyon every night, whose past burns me up and

knocks me cold. You should see the night club hostesses, bus boys, waiters and captains get limp every time he ankles into their upholstered cellars. His check is seldom less than five "C" notes and he has been known to tip that much. They say of him that he is the only man in the world who insists upon paying thirty bucks for alleged champagne which sells for twenty-five, and he is always surrounded with femmes who have adolescent stares.

Well, anyhoo, as we used to say in the old country, he was a racketeer not long ago. His gag was peddling phony oil stock to Somebody's Mother and he was ripping and tearing the town wide open, until an old woman, who had invested heavily, squawked to the Law. It appears that the official who was assigned to investigate him was one of his college chums. He got to him quickly and chirped: "This is one time I can't save you because you haven't even tried to find oil. Shoot an outfit out to your property at once and erect some derricks. Then we can tell the speculators that you simply couldn't find anything and they won't have a legitimate complaint."

So to make it all the more unbelievable, the villain carried out the counsel,

and not long after the crew had started to dig, they couldn't stop the gold juice that gushed. It still gushes, for that matter, and the bozo's income is three thousand dollars a day. So go ahead now—top that!

But with all his money and with all his luck he hasn't had a sandwich named after him at Reuben's. That's where most of the so-called celebrities park their torsos every night after theater-time and snub each other. Of course the names of people tagged onto sandwiches mean nothing, unless you know your Broadwayfarers. Frinstance, a "Texas Guinan Special" is a mouthy thing. A "Peggy Joyce" is simply two slices of bread containing a lotta bologny. A "Marilyn Miller" is something that goes with Ben Lyonnaise potatoes (didn't some one once say that the lowest form of wit was a pun—pun my soul?). A "Milt Gross" is a kosher sandwich. An Al Jolson is a big ham

sandwich and a "Senator Heflin" is a big cheese sandwich.

I've discovered other nicknames for parts of the town. Broadway is known as Orange Juice Gulch, Mazda Lane, Coffee Pot Canyon, Fraudway and the Chow Mein Stem. Then there's the Thumping Thirties, the Flaming Forties, the Four-flushing Fifties, the Sexy Sixties, the Salacious Seventies, the Elegant Eighties and the Nancy Nineties.

The latest news is that Beryl Halley is no longer posing in the lewd. Flasks are on the market resembling huge Dunhill lighters. Tammany Hall, the headquarters for the Democrats, is located in a Republican district. Childs' new-fangled beaneries, which have gone tall millinery, call their headwaitresses "hostesses." The eat-and-run joints on Sixth Avenue formerly known as "Max's Busy Bee" are now Roxy Food Shops, and believe you me when I tell you that they always are as busy as an orchestra during a Passé News Reel.

The reason Row J follows Row H in the theaters is that too many clucks



"Look out for jellyfish—I just stepped on one!"



THE POLITE DOG: Pardon my pointing.

thought "I" meant the first row. Phil Baker contends that the radio was invented by a homely prima donna and Sid Silvers revised that adage to read: "Two's company—three's Paul Whiteman." The latest crop of shows has been so bad that most of us are finally getting some exercise by walking out on them, and when a Main Stem femme tells you that she has a "V. C." for a guy she doesn't mean "Vice-Consul" or "Victoria Cross" but a Violent Crush for him.

Well, here's hoping that they'll never say you're the type who has five finger marks on his right hip.

Walter Winchell.

"I Thought I'd Die"

"California school children are to be taught with wisecracks, anecdotes and cartoons."
—News item.

SCENE: *The Little Red Schoolhouse.*

TEACHER: Come, come, children, it's about time we got down to work—as the miner remarked when he descended the shaft. We're nearly a week behind in history. Now, Johnny, who was the most famous naturalist of ancient times?

JOHNNY: Hannibal, because he crossed the Alps with elephants! And—

PERCY: Ha! Ha! Ha! tha's *good*, that is! Reminds me of the story about the traveling salesman who—

TEACHER (*severely*): Not now, Percy. That comes under geography. And now, Susan, suppose you tell the class about what happened on the Nile when Cle—

SUSAN: Ask me no questions Nile tell you no lies.

THE CLASS: Terrible! Terrible! Put her in the corner!

TEACHER: Children! Children! We *must* have quiet. And remember—Cleopatra was so dumb she thought a person from Cairo was a Chiropractor.

PERCY: That re—

TEACHER: Never mind, Percy. And now, children, what did the Romans say

when the Barbarian invasions started? Mabel? . . . Frankie? . . . Otto? . . . Margaret? . . . Tch! Tch! Doesn't *anybody* know? . . . Jimmie?

JIMMIE: "The first Hun-dread years are the hardest."

TEACHER: Very good, Jimmie, *very* good. And just for that you can go home half an hour early today—but look out for the horsecars. All right, children; with Miss Hansen at the piano we will now sing the King Midas Song, "He was only a king's son but he certainly knew how to handle the jack." Letter go, Gallagher. . . .

CURTAIN

Parke Cummings.

LITERARY NOTE: Confessional stories have been trite and found wanted.

Absolute Monopoly

"EVERY passing motorist is a potential customer of that farmer."

"How's that?"

"He has a filling station on the corner; sells hot dogs, soft drinks, ice cream, etc., in an adjoining shack. He also has a stand for fruit, vegetables, eggs and milk, and his house has been turned into an inn."

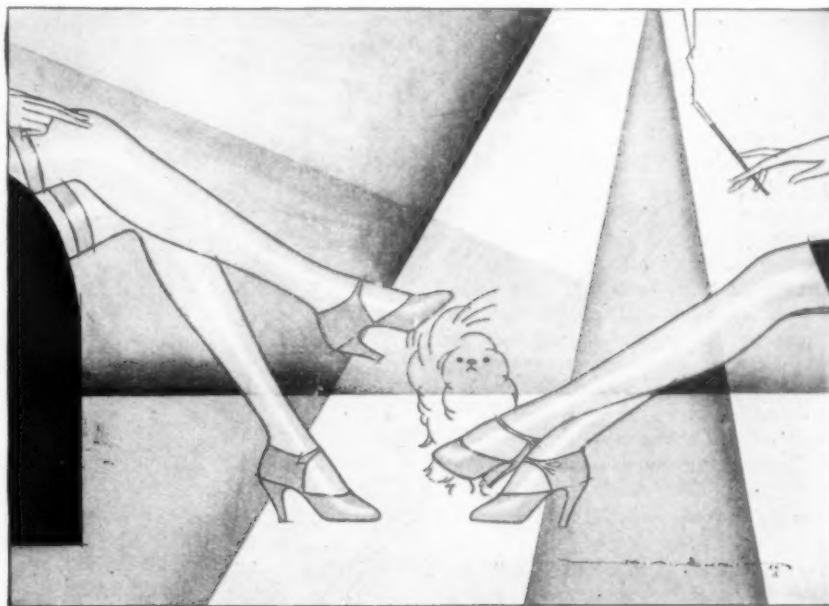
"But suppose one does not want gas, a light lunch, farm products, a dinner or a night's lodging. What is there—?"

"A public golf course in the pasture."

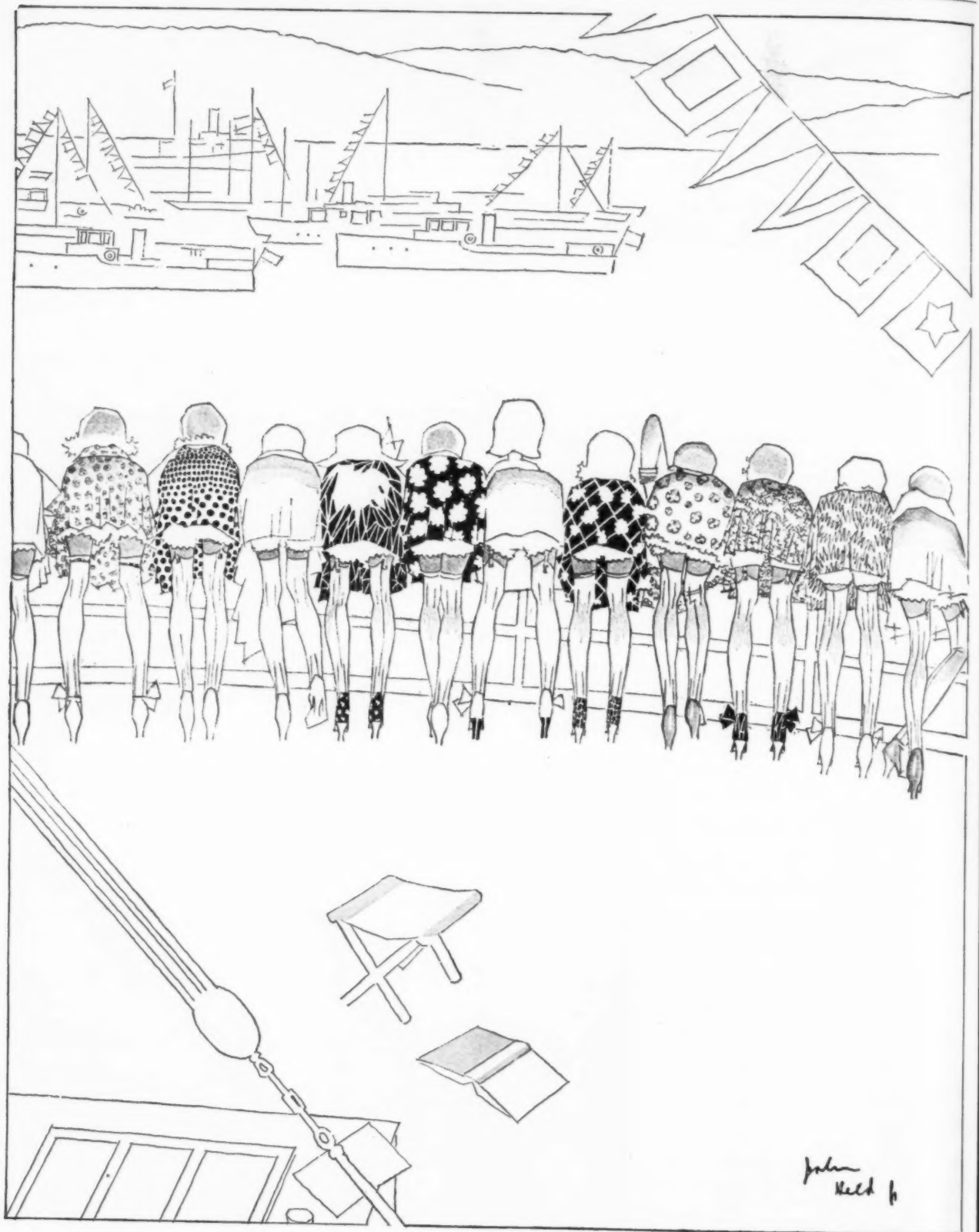
Bill Sykes.

HINTS TO WORKING GIRLS

No. 987654321—When the boss's wife finds you on his lap, the correct thing to do is to change your position.



"Her three daughters are to be married at the same time."
"I suppose they all will wear their mother's wedding dress."



A View of the Boat-Races

The Movie Usher Referees a Football Game

"WILL you kindly remove your foot from the quarterback's neck, sir? We are instructed to accommodate all the players as far as possible, sir.

"Pass down the field at the left, please; the head linesman will show you your downs. Don't crowd around the half-back; there are enough balls for everyone.

"Please remain in your places while the visiting team plunges for ten yards. No, sir, we had not been informed the left guard was a dirty skunk, sir. He has had very good notices in the newspapers.

"Sir, I shall be forced to ask you to give up your place in the line unless you refrain from biting the left end's ear. There have been complaints from other players.

"No, sir, there will be no scores in this period. Kindly step back from the goal line, please. Watch your step! The scoring begins promptly at 3 o'clock."

R. L. W.

EXTRA HOURS

NIGHT WATCHMAN (to employer): I got to have overtime for last night's work, boss. I overslept and didn't leave the job till 9:30.



THE POLITICAL FRONT

Extraterritorial



THERE are fifty-three separate pieces of ground in Washington on which the Eighteenth Amendment is null and void. There are fifty-three men who may purchase and consume as much liquor as pleases them. Deliveries are

made for themselves, their families and their office help, without even academic hindrance from the Government of the United States. These unfortunate persons, I regret to say, are miserable foreigners, who have never known what it is to live under the Declaration of Independence.

Accredited near the Government of the United States are fifty-three Embassies

and Legations. Each of these is foreign soil. What seems a white-stone residence is a little bit of Ireland. An ostensible red-brick dwelling is a corner of Siam. Step through an iron grille on R Street and you are in Sweden, or if you walk on the grass in another place you are as good as in Naples. This is what is known as extraterritoriality. It is a racket that has even the Anti-Saloon League defeated.

* * *

EACH diplomatic establishment in Washington sends to the Department of State at regular intervals a list of its requirements in wines, beers, liqueurs and spirits. This list includes beverages for official entertaining, as well as for the private use of each Ambassador or Minister and his staff. There is theoretically no limit, other than an indefinable but obvious limit of discretion. No Embassy wishes to become known to the Department of State as an excessive consumer. The Latin Embassies run somewhat higher than the Anglo-Saxon, owing to their preference for wine rather than for more compact hard liquor.



The Department of State, on receiving these lists, transmits them to the Treasury, which is charged with the enforcement of Prohibition. In due time the consignment arrives from abroad, usually aboard ship at Baltimore. The Treasury thereupon issues the requisite permits, and the liquor is brought to Washington in a guarded motor-truck. It is delivered at the purchasing Embassy or Legation, and divided according to the individual orders of each member. Thus the Eighteenth Amendment remains inviolate, for wherever you drink this wine, it is foreign. There is no doubt about that.

* * *

THE GREAT Embassies in Washington are very scrupulous in enforcing the rule that these importations are for the personal use of accredited diplomatists. Per-



"I'm sorry, Bill, but if you can't get rid of them freckles, I'll have to give you notice."



"Come on, ol' dear, you're just in time to make a fourth hand at bridge."

sonal use naturally includes entertainment. But diplomatic secretaries proceeding to New York for a week-end, for example, are not supposed to transport liquor in their luggage. Most Ambassadors and Ministers are careful that no abuse of their immunity from Prohibition is permitted to occur.

The Anti-Saloon League, realizing that this arrangement is part of the comity of nations, has made no attempt to interfere with it, which is more than can be said for some of its individual members. There are some Southern Senators, quite Dry in their politics, who want to have this arrangement abolished. The rigid enforcement of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments logically indicates an equally stringent application of the Eighteenth.

An Ambassador who heard one of these speeches in the Senate wrote a dispatch to his Foreign Office about it. But the next day a waiter in the Senate res-

taurant dropped a quart of whiskey on the marble floor. The dispatch was never sent.

* * *

THE HOSTILITY of some members of Congress to diplomats is not comparable, however, with the sentiment of the District of Columbia Police. The Police care nothing about diplomatic immunity as it may affect Prohibition. On one occasion a patrolman sent to guard a visiting royalty became quite ossified in a Legation garden. What Washington Police find aggravating about diplomatists is their immunity from arrest. The foreigners sometimes disregard traffic regulations, and occasionally American inhabitants of Washington are the victims.

When a young Secretary of Embassy is caught speeding, he shows a card from the Department of State to the thwarted motor-cycle officer, who thereupon releases him. The officer reports to the Chief of Police, who reports to the Sec-

retary of State. Mr. Kellogg then takes time out from his treaty-making to write a polite note to the Embassy of the offender, whose Ambassador calls him in and says (not necessarily in English or even in French): "Really, you *must* be more careful of your driving."

Naturally no traffic policeman is satisfied with that.

* * *

THE RULE works both ways. It may be that some of our own diplomatic personages on foreign post have driven over thirty-five miles an hour, although naturally an American diplomatist, on account of Prohibition, would never be caught driving on the Riviera with a breath.

Henry Suydam.

ANDY PAYNE, who walked, ran and staggered 3,500 miles to win the transcontinental derby, seems assured of a good fat contract endorsing Camels.

THE RADIO



"This Is Graham McNamee"



Six years ago, he was a baritone out of a job. And being a baritone out of a job is just an octave more desperate than being a tenor out of a job. In an economic pinch, a baritone is always first to get the axe. When anyone wants to save

money, the first thing he cuts out is baritones.

So picture, if you can, the terrible plight of Mr. Graham McNamee in the summer of 1922. Mr. McNamee had come from Minnesota and hoped to establish himself as a concert baritone, although he did not disdain musical comedy or even the Metropolitan Opera House. But that was in the snooty days before the Metropolitan allowed local Chambers of Commerce to select its stars.

In the course of his wanderings around concert bureaus, Mr. McNamee heard of strange and magic doings then being conducted at 195 Broadway. In the same spirit that prompted out-of-work stage stars to take a fling at the movies in a shamefaced way, Mr. McNamee applied for a job at WEAH to tide him over the dull summer months.

The man was almost an instant success. He was the first announcer to pro-

nounce the names of foreign composers and selections correctly. In those early days, when most of the announcers spent their brief moments on the air apologizing for what was going on, Mr. McNamee introduced a touch of culture and refinement, a hint of the Better Things in Life, and a *salon* atmosphere. Love-starved women, who had hitherto looked upon the radio as an unmitigated nuisance, found something beguiling in the way Mr. McNamee said: "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience."

However, enough of these musings; let us consider the Graham McNamee of today. Although the offices and *ateliers* of the National Broadcasting Company swarm with announcers, it is easy to see that Mr. McNamee is the star of the outfit. He is Grover Whalen on a national scale. No aviator has really arrived until he has been introduced to the public by Mr. McNamee. No football game is really important unless Mr. McNamee tells you about the scenery, the weather and (now and then) the plays. More persons remember Mr. McNamee's part in the last Democratic Convention than could tell you the name of the Democratic candidate in 1924.

There are purists who tell you that Mr. McNamee's style is far from perfect. He wanders too much; he is sometimes inaccurate and his wit is far from penetrating. Nevertheless, he has the ingratiating habit of working himself up into a lather of excitement. The excitement is genuine. Mr. McNamee is one of those sandy, blue-eyed, choleric gentlemen who are never casual about anything. Even when broadcasting so unthrilling an opera as "Samson et Delilah," Mr. McNamee can take a burning interest in the plot.

Mr. McNamee has become so much a symbol of something or other that broadcasting is now only a part of his life. All his time is booked solid for over a year. Certain advertising hours have stipulated in their contracts that Mr. McNamee must officiate as master of ceremonies. He is in constant demand at conventions. He is sure-fire at Oratorios and he sings at several concerts a week. He also goes in for literature.

Who says that there is no place for a hard-working baritone in our national life?

Agnes Smith.

WELL BUILT

GEOGRAPHY TEACHER: Willie, what can you tell me about Dubuque?

WILLIE (a bit hard-boiled): Dubuque's a fine auto.



THE SCREAM TEST FOR RADIO SOPRANOS



"What! Tearing down that beautiful skyscraper that was just completed yesterday?"
 "Yeah! The Contractor discovered the flagpole eagle had crow's feet."



"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE"

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A GREAT many feelings were hurt by the conviction of Mrs.

Knapp, lately Secretary of State of New York, for pilfering from the funds of the Census of which she had charge. It is a tragic case. Mrs. Knapp has been a respected woman. Her real fault seems to have been that getting into politics she wished to be rated as a regular fellow and adjusted her own conduct to her political environment. The currents of the stream she embarked on were too strong for her.

It is an extraordinary and really pathetic case of a woman destroyed in politics. The *World* thinks that "all women who are politically inclined have reason to feel especial satisfaction in the verdict of the jury because there cannot be political equality between the sexes until and unless the responsibility is equal with opportunity." Oh, well, that is well said enough, but women in politics will always be women and how much political equality there will ever be between the sexes is a highly speculative question not likely to be vitally affected by the verdict of the jury that dealt with Mrs. Knapp.

It is far from being demonstrated yet that American politics offers profitable careers to women. The relation between mankind and womankind is not a political relation, and attempts to make it so are attended by difficulties most subtle, which are far as yet from being solved. Woman unquestionably has and exercises her share of power in the direction of life, both public and private, but that it includes political power and the holding of high office is not yet demonstrated. Office holding is one of the humbler forms of service involving first of all consecration. For every person in active politics there needs

to be another person who provides a refuge and rest-house for the politician. That applies, to be sure, to other things than politics. All people engaged in exhausting activities have this need of the refuge of a home such as is made for a man by a woman, and sometimes for a woman by a man.



It may be remembered by persons who know about it that the 29th of May was picked by prognosticators associated with the British-Israel persuasion as the opening day of the Great Tribulation which was to continue for eight years and end in 1936 with the world thoroughly cleaned up and ready for much better times.

Perhaps so! An eight-year period is fairly entitled to open gradually and if there was no particular crack of doom on the 29th the prophets are perhaps entitled to issue rain checks and say the show will come off all the same.

And so it may. That the next eight years, covering two presidential terms, will be more than ordinarily eventful is what almost everyone expects. Things are moving very fast and have been for at least ten years, and have not got yet where they are going to. With so much motion we may look for vicissitudes. The *Evening Post* on May 26 had in its financial section the headline, "Big Stock Collapse on the Way, Says London." Everybody has expected it, but up to this writing it has not happened. If it should happen,—if there should even be a real crash in stocks,—that might seem a fairly definite starting point for a tribulation.

Prophecies and forecasts however are best examined from the rear. When what is predicted has happened, or the time

allotted has elapsed without its happening, one can discuss it with some assurance of being right, but few people lay in ascension robes any more because their trusted Fundamentalist calculator has figured out the end of the world.



BUT, prophecies or not, tribulations or not, some momentous things seem ripe to happen. There are various smoking volcanoes and if one of them starts an active eruption it may have a stimulating effect on the others. Southern Europe is not yet entirely composed in its mind. The Balkans are still a good deal of a liability and that great section of the earth which includes Russia and China is full of processes that have not yet worked out. Neither is all of South and Central America entirely tranquil or satisfied with its destiny. As for the United States, it is in a position it has never occupied before, for it has loaned out or invested vast sums of money all over the world and, of course, it could not go unaffected by a terrestrial shake-down.

Somehow our world must be cured of the war-habit. It may come out with pain like a bad tooth, but it must come out. Measures are constantly being taken about that. Mr. Kellogg practices to outlaw war by international agreements and gets encouragement, at least, in his labors, while pretty much all the countries take thought and spend money not to be caught without up-to-date, carnal means of remonstrance in case anyone starts anything. Really it may be that war is out of date, and that humanity was advanced enough by the proceedings between 1914 and 1919 to appreciate it.

And another thing! When you are out in the shopping district do you sometimes get a disagreeable sensation of everything being for sale?

Well, this present world is rather too much that way. Maybe that is on the way to being mended also.

E. S. Martin.

Mr. Martin

WITH this issue, Edward Sandford Martin retires as chief editorial writer of LIFE. He will continue his association with LIFE's staff and will contribute special articles to the magazine from time to time.

When LIFE was founded, in 1883, by John Ames Mitchell, Mr. Martin was its



"They'd better!"

first editor and wrote its first editorial—under the same heading (designed by Mr. Mitchell) that appears on the opposite page, and that will continue to appear as long as *LIFE* exists. Mr. Martin then announced the hopes and purposes of the new publication:

"We wish to have some fun in this paper, and to have it as nearly of the right sort as may be. And while we do not pledge ourselves to invariable jocularity, we shall try to domesticate as much as possible of the casual cheerfulness that is drifting about in an unfriendly world.

"We shall have something to say about religion, politics, fashion, society, literature, the stage, the stock exchange, and the police station, and we will speak out what is in our mind as fairly, as truthfully, and as decently as we know how."

Except for a period of about three years, beginning in 1883, Mr. Martin has written every editorial that has appeared

in *LIFE*. It seems to me that no man in our time has been so consistent in speaking out what was in his mind, so fairly, so truthfully, and so decently.

I beg leave to quote from a recent editorial in the *New York Evening Post*:

"TO MARTIN OF 'LIFE'"

"*LIFE* is by way of being an American institution. It has lived long and served well. It kept taste alive in decades where it breathed but feebly in other humorous publications. It must have somewhere throughout the United States a pretty considerable fund of good will

"Mr. Edward S. Martin, on the editorial page of *LIFE*, has had an influence comparable to that of Alfred Spender or other great English leader writers who needed no immense circulation to make their voices heard. Week by week in the tones of tolerance and fair play he has waged war on insincerity. With the calmness of the aloof observer he has taken apart our pretenses, whether social or political or philosophic, and shown us

the bits of sham that were hidden in the whirl of the wheels. He has made us ashamed without telling us in so many words that we should be so. From beneath the cover of this restraint he has often struck the clean, witty thrust that had behind it all the strength of a good right arm. And through it all he has entertained and amused us.

"We shall miss Edward S. Martin. No keener, wiser critic is on our literary stage. *LIFE*, we know, will carry on his work because it is the very soul of the paper. We trust that he will give his freshness of spirit to the new era. We hope that he will on occasion still write for that public which has known and loved him for, lo, these many years."

Mr. Martin's continued presence among us will give to our friends assurance that the principles which he established in the first issue of *LIFE*, and which he has maintained in his own editorials for forty-five years, will still be "the very soul" of this paper.

Charles Dana Gibson.



TOURISTS LODGED

"You can have the running water or the mountain view, but I haven't got both in one room."

Variety's Reporter Reviews the Keynote Speech

SIMEON D. FESS ("Sen.")

Talking

52 Mins.; Full Stage

Convention Hall, Kansas City

Variety's files show an S. D. Fess in Washington last year in a talking act, from description this single impressing as possibly similar or same. Older type political routine here, reminiscent of the late Cliff Gordon, et al., but working minus dialect. Dressing natty but standard, with cutaway, striped pants and wing.

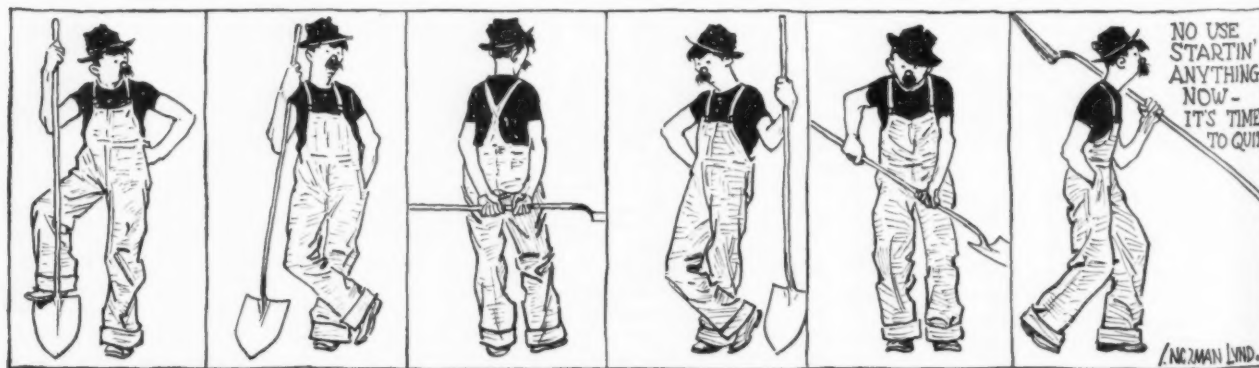
Following "National Emblem" by house band, Fess opens mildly but ingratiates with easy delivery and presence. Light returns until reference to prosperous conditions in farming districts panicked the wise mob out front, but received upstairs with silence clammier than a bar towel. Gag thought unsuited for locals. Later interlude on protective tariff as holding off foreign competition proved hearty yawn until Eddie Cantor, entering late in box, wise-cracked audibly to have tariff extended to English actors.

Much material a rehash of familiars,

but in the main sure-fire and acceptable, yet impressing as overlooking a bet in failure to include oil scandal in routine, a winner through the topical angle and possible Sinclair jury gags. Likewise has tendency not to make travesty sufficiently broad in places. However, well shaped on the whole, and Fess held them nicely in spite of large house and early spot.

Novelty of old-type turn recommends for once around on any time, and as a possible bet for talking pictures. Closes with "Stars and Stripes" for patriotic finish. Seven bows.

Harry V. Wade.



NINETY CENTS AN HOUR

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THE THEATRE

Magna Cum Lousy

AND NOW comes the time for the Commencement Exercises in this course, when Teacher must draw up a great big, peachy summary of the past season and all you little tykes must go scampering out into the world to write plays of your own out of the experience you have had here in our classroom. We have all been so happy together during the past year, going to plays and talking them over afterward, that it seems like disbanding a great big family to break up for the summer. As a matter of fact, Teacher himself broke up for the summer several months ago, but the doctor says that if he will watch his diet carefully and take great, deep breaths of fresh air, he will be in shape to walk downstairs alone by August.



If you will remember last August, we began the season's work with a play called "Tenth Avenue," a melodrama of New York's underworld in which so many crooks went straight that they had to rope off the course in lanes like a whippet race. That more or less set the moral tone for the season, for it has been a strictly Presbyterian line-up which has marched past since then. Perhaps that is why it has been such a dull season.

Since August, 1927, there have been an even two hundred openings (not including the pin-shows in the experimental theaters or the Reinhardt season), of which only thirty-six may be rated as hits. Of these successes, only one—"The Command to Love"—could be called naughty, although "Volpone" did draw down a careful examination from the house-master and "Women Go On Forever" (not a hit) had several heads shaken over it for a while. But when a statistician finds himself obliged to include in his category of Sex Successes such innocent works as "Coquette," "Paris Bound," "The Bachelor Father" and "The Happy Husband," it will be seen at once how devoid the 1927-28 season was of any real manifestations of

the Life Force. In fact, it almost looks as if the matter had been dropped.



BUT we must not be pessimistic. We are here to analyze the season and to see how we can prevent another one. We must take up the one hundred and forty-two failures, one by one, and see what was wrong with them. Or perhaps we don't even have to do that. (In case you were nasty mean enough to subtract thirty-six from two hundred and find that it doesn't leave one hundred and forty-two, there were twenty-two plays which were neither hits nor failures, just moderate. Nya-ha!)

Just as people seem to be tired of seeing sex on the stage, there would appear to be a general lethargy in the face of crooks with true-blue girls, members of the Actors' Equity trying to be creepy in a blue light (there were but two hits among all the thrill entries), lady evangelists, South Sea traders who die on-stage from the effects of *hau-kai*, the native drink, elderly gentlemen who allow themselves to be murdered in their libraries by someone in league with the maid and the butler, musical comedy whose chief asset is its cleanliness, modern dramaturgy involving the use of stairs going in different directions, and amateur actors, revivals of old favorites, and Lionel Atwill. All these have had their following in their day, but just at present it would seem to be time for a recess.



It has been a great year for musical comedies. Almost half of the big hits were in this class, which means that the flooring of the stages in about sixteen theaters will have to be propped up before next season, owing to the constant chorus-stamping to which they have been subjected. The first musical success of the season, "Good News," started this vigorous form of ballet work, in which the elbows are raised and the feet stamped

down in what is known as the "three against four" beat, and practically every show since then, except Walter Hampden in "An Enemy of the People," has taken it up. Numerous protests have been made by the stage crews who have to sit under the stage during the performance playing cribbage, but there seems to be no way of stopping it so long as the audiences love it as they do. We predict that the next chorus formation to be copied will be the "hand drill" in "Rain or Shine."

We note with pleasure the temporary passing in musical comedy plots of the young lady who dresses up as a boy and deceives everyone but her old nurse. Miss Miller in "Rosalie" is the only one of the current heroines who tries this, but she does a difficult one while she is at it. She dresses up as a West Point cadet and fools the entire corps, including the Commandant. This ought to be a source of considerable merriment at the Naval Academy.



SEVERAL established phobias among theatrical producers have been dispelled during the past season. One—that the public is not interested in back-stage views of show-business—received a triple sock in "Burlesque," "Excess Baggage" and "The Royal Family." This makes it certain that we shall have more of the same sort next year, most of which will be failures.

Another traditional belief, that the public does not want superior plays produced with an eye to aesthetic enjoyment, ought never to survive the Theater Guild's season, when practically everything that they have done has turned to legal tender, besides being what is commonly known as "worth doing."

As for this department, the season has been very successful, with the exception of smashing our opera hat during the closing week. We caught up on our 1926-7 sleep (owing chiefly to there being fewer pistols fired in the drama of 1927-28), and we worked out a way in which to fold our overcoat over our knees so that all the small change does not drop out of the pocket. Everything looks very rosy for next week, when we begin a review of the Season of 1928-29, as far as it has gone.

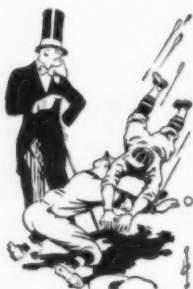
Robert Benchley.

The Confidential Guide to current plays will be found on page 26.



SPORTSMEN and SPORTS

What Every Ball Player Knows



THERE has been a good deal of loose talk from time to time about what a young ball player learns when he gets into the big league. Actually, now, what does that knowledge amount to?

A thorough quantitative and qualitative analysis of the information gained by hitting the Southern training trips, the exhibition tours, and the big league diamonds and dugouts, and by traveling the big league circuit of hotels, reveals some interesting facts. In less than two years under "the big top," the apt young major league students will become aware of the following important facts:

That pay day is the first and fifteenth of each month.

That the secret of successful batting in the big league is to take two and hit to right.

That they stop you from playing cards on the train all through Texas because it's illegal in that State. So is billiard or pool playing in public.

That Babe Ruth isn't so good on a slow curve and that Rogers Hornsby can't hit a base on balls.

That the oysters are swell in New Orleans and that all baseball managers know about those two cabarets and there's no use going there.

That the Giants use a million signs—all given by John McGraw—and that the only sign the Yankees have is "Doubleheader Tomorrow."

That Boston is the town in which to buy raincoats.

That the difference between major and minor league pitching is control and plenty of it.

That the thing to do in Cincinnati is to go through that clock factory and the Rookwood potteries out on the hill.

That Frank Frisch can hook a bag from either side but prefers to come in head first.

That St. Louis is the place to stock up

on shoes, handbags and all kinds of leather goods at wholesale prices.

That a major league umpire has a high hat and no sense of humor whatever.

That the soldiers who fought at Chattanooga must have gone off in a hurry because they left some of their cannons behind them.

That, with the count three and one, some managers say it's crazy to hit "the cripple" and other managers say that they're crazy, leaving the matter somewhat up in the air.

That there's a new public library in Cleveland that looks great from the outside.

That John McGraw doesn't believe in bunting unless he gets a man as far as second with nobody out.

That Philadelphia and Chicago are the towns where players should buy gloves, spiked shoes and other baseball haberdashery.

That Detroit is a great town because



it's only a ferry ride from Windsor, Canada, where it is perfectly legal to say to the bartender: "Ale! Ale! the gang's all here!"

That Mickey Cochrane of the Athletics is the best all-around catcher in twenty years.

That Pittsburgh is the town in which to send out your laundry on the National League circuit and Chicago on the American loop.

That the thing that makes a manager maddest is a pinch hitter who doesn't even swing, thereby causing general regret that lynching is illegal.

That the club owner is looking out for himself and that, therefore, the ball player should look out for himself.

That most of them do.

John Kieran.

Death Comes to a Humorist

"Poor Jess won't write any more jokes now."

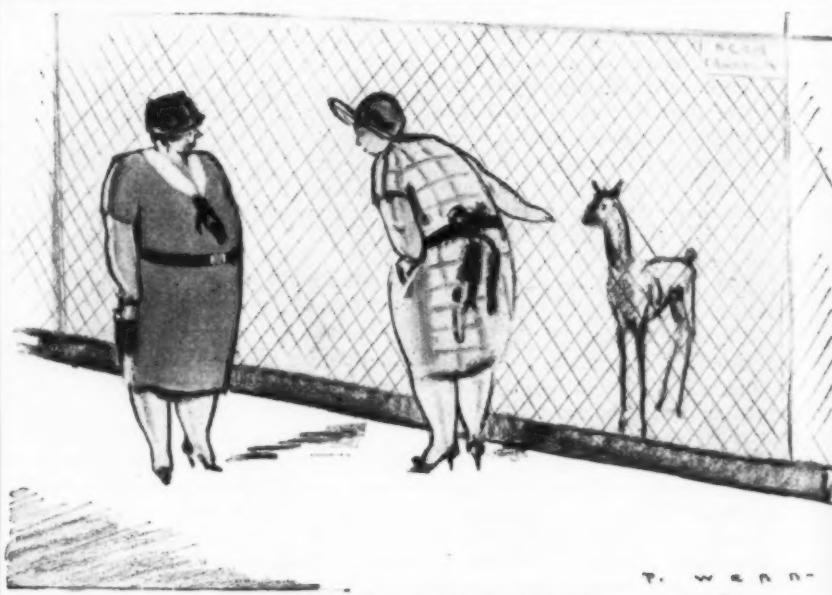
"That's so. By the way—did he leave a large estate?"

"Yes. Jess didn't have so much money. Everything he earned he put right back in his business. His holdings would make quite a list."

"What are some of them?"

"A second-hand flivver, a radio, a mother-in-law, a bag of golf clubs, a collection of timetables, some garden implements, a mortgage, some instalment furniture, fishing tackle, poker chips, a bobbed-haired wife, and a cigarette lighter."

Bill Sykes.



"Dear me—hasn't it dainty limbs?"



NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

Kansas City

THE GENERAL impression seems to be current about this town that the citizens of Kansas City will be ready to welcome another Republican Convention to our midst just about the same time that the citizens of Philadelphia decide they want to hold another Sesquicentennial.

***The Republican delegates, as a class, are said to be very wealthy; and when they leave Kansas City they'll have the same amount of wealth they had when they came here, in the opinion of our local merchants, theater owners and hotel men.

✧ About the only business men who got anything out of the Republican Convention were the booticians, and almost all of them we regret to say were out-of-town boys.

***Well, the Chamber of Commerce of Houston, Texas, has our best wishes.

Pro Bono Publico.

San Francisco

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, who has been wintering hereabouts, is on his way to Tahiti where he will summer.

***Officer John McGreevy enjoyed several rides on the back of the patrol wagon last Saturday night.

***Vance Breese and Beryl Breese, who is his brother, both have got their flying machines working again. They are well-known aeronauts.

***A. O. Stewart and Harry Speas have bought a good used ferry which they will run across the Golden Gate, which is at the entrance to the bay, which is the best in the world, according to John Cuddy and Phil Fay, our energetic boosters.

✧ Many flattering remarks of justly deserved praise are being heard about the beautiful new shade of ink which Leroy Linnard has put in the inkwell at the Fairmont Hotel.

***Any persons finding golf balls on the Lincoln Park or other links will kindly avoid trouble, as they are known and will be prosecuted, by returning same

to Charlie Cooper, William H. Burt, Earl Behrens, Harry Borba, Larry Brazill, Lawson Little and Frank Van Sloun. (Legal Notice.)

Chet Johnson.

Boston

SEVERAL out-of-town drummers stopped overnight at the Statler last week.

***Our prominent clubman, Arthur K. Reading, is resting up after a busy spring.

***Miss Eleonora Sears is vacationing in Europe, walking around and hailing a taxicab now and then.

✧ Our popular bon vivant, Maj. Thos. Clexton, was singing tenor in a quartet at the B. A. A. the other night.

***Gerard Swope of New York and Schenectady was a recent visitor to town, boosting his growing electrical business.

***Mal Nichols, our popular mayor, is thinking up another trip for himself to Duxbury or Bar Harbor or some place like that. Mal gets restless after a couple of consecutive days at City Hall.

***Quite a novelty was introduced at the Somerset Club this week when a member displayed a pocket cigar lighter. It looks like the days of the sulphur match are doomed when the Somerset Club adopts a new wrinkle like this.

✧ Several June weddings are contemplated this month. Watch for names of the contracting parties and further particulars next week.

***Sam Merwin is writing up material for another story book at his home in Concord.

***If you don't see your name here, watch for it next week.—*Advt.*

Neal O'Hara.

Detroit

A YOUNG couple whose names will not be mentioned, out of regard for their families, were seen together admiring the Jim Scott statue on Belle Isle one afternoon this week.

***Prof. Harry Carman, of Columbia University, voices a prediction that Detroit will eventually become the biggest

city in the whole U. S. A. Ah, there, New York! Ah, there, Chicago!

***Rumor hath it that Uncle Sam may award our venerable citizen, Eddie Rick-enbacker, a nice gold medal for potting airplanes in the war, away back when he was still just a young fellow. Fine work, Eddie!

✧ A dastardly act, probably by an outsider, was committed when a bomb was hung on the door knob of Lawyer Gallagher and left to explode. If the dastard is apprehended he should be persecuted to the full extent of the law.

***Jim Schermerhorn, the demon toast-master, has laid in a brand new line of stories which he is ready to be reminded of on all festive occasions. See Jim for the latest plain and fancy rib ticklers.

Elmer C. Adams.

Asheville, N. C.

THERE is some talk of changing our traffic regulations, but the sentiment is against it, since under present conditions we always are able to get a new dent in the fender every time we take the car out.

✧ Mr. Keith is now giving us some real classy vaudeville, and we will be able to give Mr. Coolidge an even pleasanter time than we expected if he comes down.

***The lady in charge of our lone stamp window at the post office is one of our most popular citizens and will gladly sell you a stamp after she gets through visiting with her many friends.

***Local fans think if Mr. John McGraw, of New York, will spend a week with Manager Ray Kennedy Mr. McGraw can learn a few inside things about baseball that will enable him to get the Giants in first place.

Sam Hill.

Dayton

GEORGE WELLS, 2nd, has joined Skull and Bones, a popular club at Yale College, New Haven, Conn.

***For the information of folk who had appointments in the Hotel Gibbons lobby recently and wondered what the many

books there were, same were Bibles, and the Gideon Society put same on display during their recent convention there.

***Orville Wright, our popular airplane merchant, is visiting in Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A. If you run into Charlie Lindbergh tell him he owes several folk here a letter, Orv.

***A visitor in town the other day was the stork, he dropping in on Jack and Maude Compton and Bob and Ruth Hopple. Congratulations, folk and stork.

✂ Most of our citizens are about reconciled to their straw hats now.

***Fred Patterson, our popular cash register merchant, was lauded recently by our esteemed contemporary, the New York (N. Y.) *Times*, for the film he made in Africa showing the only living giraffe with a broken neck, twenty-six lions playing together, and how Fred scared a python. We know a traffic officer we'd like you to meet, Fred.

T. P. G.

Milwaukee

JOHN PUELICHER, genial president of Marshall and Ilsley Bank, went to Washington to invite President Coolidge to the twenty-eighth Saengerfest of the Milwaukee Saengerbund, now in progress. But we guess Cal had a date to stay home and listen to the Republican Convention over the radio.

✂ Dave Schooler, the Wisconsin theater maestro, is now throwing away the numerous mash notes he receives.

***Arthur Brisbane, who runs a column, was here the other day and said that Milwaukee was a great industrial center. Atta boy, Art!

***Connie Corcoran, president of the common council and the town's best bet on a welcome committee, is having more keys to the city made.

***The public museum's African trek will leave here on June 9. Christoph Schultz will lead the expedition, which is seeking a dik-dik, a Colobus monkey, an impalla and a klippspringer. All of those things were running across the bar up to Charlie's place the other night.

Jan Hartnett.

Portland, Ore.

O. B. COLDWELL, president of the Rose Festival, has had the boys out decorating the main streets of our city for some time, with flags for our annual Rose Festival, which is open to the public, come one, come all.

***Captain A. I. Eigel has arrived to be commander of the Pearson flying field at Vancouver. When his predecessor, Lt. Oakley G. Kelly, introduced him at the Chamber of Commerce, John Dougall, the mouthpiece of that organization, said he sensed a certain appropriateness in the gentleman's name. This remark was received without evidence of surprise by Captain Eigel.

✂ Elise Bristol, daughter of W. C. Bristol, eminent Portland attorney, and one of the leading spirits of the Art Theater group here, will be Queen of the Portland Rose Festival this year.

***Jacques Gerschkovitch, who recently guest conducted the Philharmonic orchestra in the Town Hall in New York, has returned to Portland, and his hair is rapidly graying under the strain of rehearsing the ballets and orchestra for the Rose Festival pageant.

Dean Collins.

New York

PATRONIZE our advertisers tf

***Samuel Hopkins Adams of Auburn is touring the State looking for antiques. Sam is no spring chicken himself.

***Mayor Walker says he is going to oust all the grafters, but the house he lives in on St. Luke's Place is not situated, like ye scribe's, between two "restaurants."

***Art Samuels and Dean Mathey spent a few days of last wk. on the Princeton campus.

***Charley Howard was elected Pres. of the International Typographical Union. Charley is a Chicago boy, as who is not, if it comes to that?

***This department will make no effort to be a passenger on the first Transcontinental air trip. We were a passenger on the 20th Century Ltd. when it made its first fast trip in 1905 and nobody ever asks us about it. That was 23 years ago, when the Ltd. made it in 18 hrs. instead of 20.

✂ In response to many queries, the 4th of July comes on a Wednesday this year. Don't be afraid to write to NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS when you are perplexed about anything. advt it

***John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is doing a lot of entertaining at his summer place near Tarrytown. J. D. says "The greatest possession a man can have is a good wife and a good family." Maybe so, John, but we have a good wife and a pretty good family, and we don't even get invited up to your place.

Franklin P. Adams.

Seattle

IT HAS been definitely announced that Nancy Ann Miller will not return to Seattle for the Strawberry Festival at the First Methodist Church this summer.

***Frank Edwards, nickelodeon magnate, has cancelled his subscription to *Variety*, preparatory to assuming his mayoralty duties next month. Mrs. Bertha K. Landes, retiring, has taken out a subscription to *Good Housekeeping*, the door-to-door agents say.

***Wm. J. (Wee) Coyle, manager of the new Civic Auditorium, is counting up an estimated 275,000 inches of nation-wide publicity incident to his proposal to put a pair of the reputedly long-lived horned toads from Texas in the cornerstone of the municipal building, now being built.

✂ Three stalwart crews from Washington, under Coach Al Ulbrickson, are bending backs every afternoon in preparation to furnishing the thrill of the race at Poughkeepsie-on-the-Hudson some afternoon soon.

George Pumpel.

Indianapolis

MAYOR ERT SLACK attended a motion picture show last week. Oh you Greta Garbo—eh Ert?

***As far as we can see from reading the society pages, the June brides in this town seem to far outnumber the bridegrooms.

***The *Indianapolis Times* won the \$500 Pulitzer gold medal, and the staff has had a hard time preventing Boyd Gurley, the efficient editor, from wearing it around on his coat.

***Our popular penman, N. B. Tarkington, is summering in Maine as is his custom and hoping the Republicans will nominate a candidate he can vote for in all conscience.

✂ Mr. Tarkington's handsome nephew, Booth Jameson, has been selling stories to the *Sat. Eve. Post*. How does it feel to have an author in the family, Tark?

Henry Alfreds.

Louisville

LAYING in next winter's coal is the order of the day here.

***Grace Ruthenburg, who used to be Sunday editor and sob sister for the *Courier-Journal*, has got a job to write and produce ether plays for the National Broadcasting Company. Grace is a graduate of Doc Baker's class at Yale U. Good for you, Grace, say we.

✧ Among the spring brides around here are Miss Mary Parke Kaye and Miss Virginia Barker, who were joined in the chains of matrimony respectively to John Edward Tarrant and Robert Drake Fitzgerald of Milwaukee. Your scribe wishes these young people the best of luck.

***Cap Neal of our baseball club says his Colonels will win some games just as soon as the opposing pitchers and batters relax a little.

***Flem Sampson, our affable Governor, and Bill Harrison, our popular Mayor, were pleasant guests at the opening of the Brown Hotel Roof Garden. There were also several others among those present and a good time was had by all.
Raymond Daumont.

Paris (France)

ERSKINE GWYN was seen at Frank's "Ritz Soda Shoppe" last Saturday talking to some out-of-town boys.

***Harry's Soft Drink Emporium, in the rue Daunou, has been turned into an all-night stand. Harry says that lots of firemen on the night shifts take advantage of the chance to drop in and get a sandwich and glass of milk before turning in.

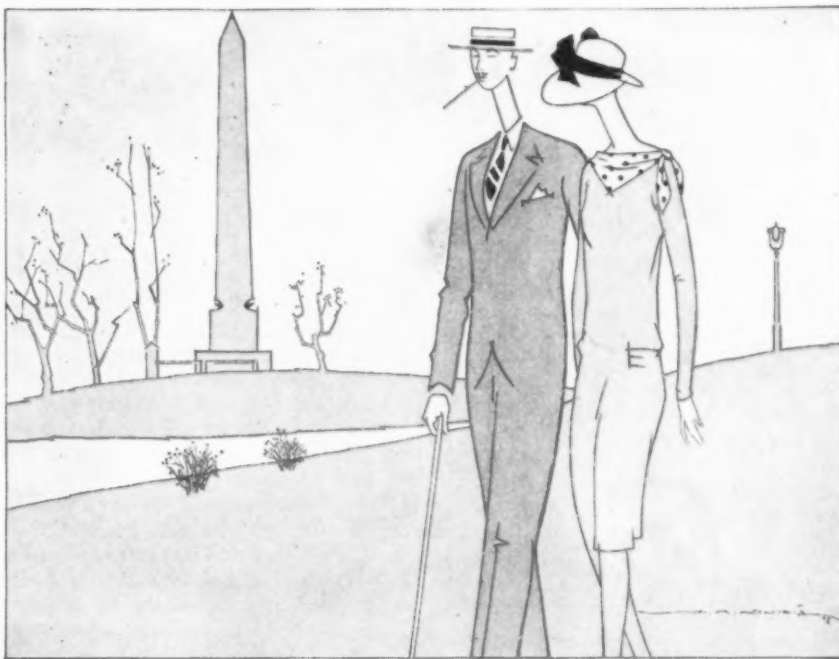
***Seen recently in and about the main stem: Jean Nash Dubonnet, Robert Benchley, the Duchesse de Guise, Sinclair Lewis, the various Princes and Princesses Obolensky, Ray Poincaré, Walter Hagen (golf player), the Babbitt family, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, Myron Herrick, Gaston Doumèrgue, Ramon N. Sameniégo, Adolphe Menjou, Lord Crewe, Grand Duke Boris, Will Hays.

✧ Several of our leading dry-goods stores are showing the latest Paris creations for summer wear.

***André Citroën, our popular carriage builder and hackman, has installed a new line of yellow taxis of very metropolitan appearance, they being copied after the latest designs seen in New York. Andy says he plans a service to meet all trains.

***Jo Zelli has reopened his Italian Spaghetti Parlor up on the hill. Jo still stands in the doorway to greet everyone with his friendly smile and handclasp as they pass in and out.

***Folks in this district are getting quite enthusiastic about our development as a center of the fine arts. Hubert Osborne, Ass't Director of Dramatic Art at Yale College, gave his latest play entitled "Eve's Complaint" a try-out at our popular play house; and was high in his praise of the local amateur talent with which he worked.
Ted Delano.



"I was talking to a chap who said he read some spicy stuff when he was in Boston."

"Spicy stuff? Why, I thought that in Boston all books that—"

"Who said anything about books? This fellow is a mind reader."

THE LATEST

YAP: What was the idea of that young couple getting married in an airplane?

SAP: They did it for the advancement of aviation.

SINCLAIR'S Motto—To the victors belong the oils.



"I wonder if you would mind to keep this cool for me while I shop a couple of hours?"



MRS. PEP'S DIARY

May 22 LAY late, pondering this and that, in especial why table d'hôte dinners do always hold

out on one clam or oyster and how women who give so much time to committees can certainly have nothing wrong with the large colon, and then trying to read Norman Douglas's "In the Beginning," but found it rough going. Lord! I cannot wax enthusiastic over authors who must make up their own geography and scenery, like Cabell and Dunsany, and I do gravely doubt that I should stand for Valhalla were it not for the mighty music. I had far liefer have a tale laid in Hoboken, New Jersey, than in some mythical Poictesme, and it does seem a pity that Douglas, after waiting ten years to do a novel, should have done no better than try to set up a sophisticated Olympus. But I do well recall how disappointed I was in his "South Wind," which many hold to be the most distinguished of modern novels and the one from which most of the extreme school



THE BOSS: Miss James, will you kindly keep your mind on your work?

actually derive, for I did read page after page of it without being more than mildly diverted and without learning aught save that nothing ages a man like living all his life with one woman, which I did know beforehand. To luncheon with Ruth Rumsey, who announced that the place to which she was taking me was not a speakeasy although it would serve us a cocktail, and when I did laugh at her description she added, "What I mean is, it has a canopy." Ruth considerably upset by the latest development in the communications, evidently intended for another person of the same name whose morals are not all that they should be, which she has received for several years, the last one being a letter reproving her for having been seen drunk on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and reminding her that she was too nice a girl to be taken to the Island. But when I did remind her that some people never get aught in the mails save pleas for charity and announcements of shoe sales, she did feel somewhat cheered. To a great dinner this night where there was much talk of the various candidates for

President and the political issues at stake, but the latter do seem of small importance to me beside the installation of traffic lights on Lexington Avenue, and I should



"Oh, yes, the concert was wonderful, but you know when you are sitting so far from the acoustics it's simply terrible!"

vote for any man whose platform would assure them to me.

May 23 Up betimes and did on my new sleeveless frock of figured blue and white silk and my cardigan made of the last three yards of dark blue crepella left in the world, judging from the difficulty with which it was procured, and so off to the country by motor to lunch with Tippy Eden, and the foliage so lovely, the viands so delicious, the laughter so light and the discourse so merry that it was difficult to realize that there was once a man named Kant who did write a book called "The Critique of Pure Reason." And when we did discuss the most depressing thing which we could be called upon suddenly to do, Manie Howland won with "Being summoned to the morgue to identify a body." But they did agree with me that the pleasantest thing which could happen would be to read in the Personals column of the *Times* that a firm of English barristers was looking for one in connection with the settlement of a large estate. We did also talk about the ups and downs of

matrimony, and I did vouchsafe that I shall go to my grave regretting that I forgot to tell the organist to play a certain portion of the "Jewels of the Madonna" music before the ceremony, but it was nought beside Emmy Goodale's admission that the wedding ring she wears is not the original, which she did once toss away in a fit of pique and was subsequently obliged to replace at great secrecy and expense.... A light spring dinner at home of tomato bisque, soft-shell crabs, new corn, salad, etc., and reading afterwards in a murder tale called "The House of Sin," from which Sam did interrupt me so frequently with questions about the road maps he was studying that I was obliged to go at some length into my own ideas of the real grounds for divorce before I could give it my full attention.

Baird Leonard.

AN ACCESSORY

"WHERE you been?"

"Down buying the equipment for a car."

"Got a car?"

"Oh—they throw that in."

It seems to have been quite well established during the Congressional session just closed that when an old religious libel dies it goes to Heflin.



THE SILENT DRAMA

"The End of St. Petersburg"

ONE of the champion pathetic figures of history is Alexander Kerensky. He stepped into power in Russia after the collapse of the Romanoff régime, and had the opportunity to save his country. He failed, and in doing so gained the hatred and contempt of the capitalists and the communists, both of whom he had attempted to serve. His provisional government was an idealistic compromise between two extremes; but Russia was in no mood for compromise, and Kerensky was cast out by the ascendant Lenin into ignominious oblivion.

Now Kerensky appears as a character in a movie, "The End of St. Petersburg," produced by the Soviet Government. His rôle, of course, is that of villain and traitor; he is even represented as something of a coward, with a distinct touch of decadence. Poor Kerensky! If he were to figure in a film sponsored by the capitalist interests as anti-Soviet propaganda, he would be reflected in just as

humiliating a light. He was one of those unfortunate men-of-the-hour who try to please everyone, and end up by pleasing no one. In short, the official goat, or holder of the bag.

"THE END OF ST. PETERSBURG" is a great picture—by far the greatest that has yet come out of Russia. Up to a certain point, it is intensely, enthrallingly interesting; the fact that the downfall of the Czar is told in one subtitle, and that much space has to be devoted to the exposure of Kerensky's perfidy, makes for a regrettable anti-climax. But the main feature of the film is the establishing of a case for the Russian revolution, and this is superbly done. The condition of the peasants, the industrial workers and the soldiers at the front is described briefly, simply and with terrific forcefulness. Where "The Cruiser Potemkin" was complicated, involved and inconclusive, "The End of St. Petersburg" is monosyllabic and cogent. (Note to reader: When I review pictures like this one, I can't help falling into the *New Republic* critical style. I promise not to do it again until the next Russian film comes along.)

THE MAN that directed "The End of St. Petersburg" is a genuine moving picture genius, and will probably be transplanted from Moscow to a thirty-eight-room bungalow in Hollywood. His name is W. J. Pudowkin.

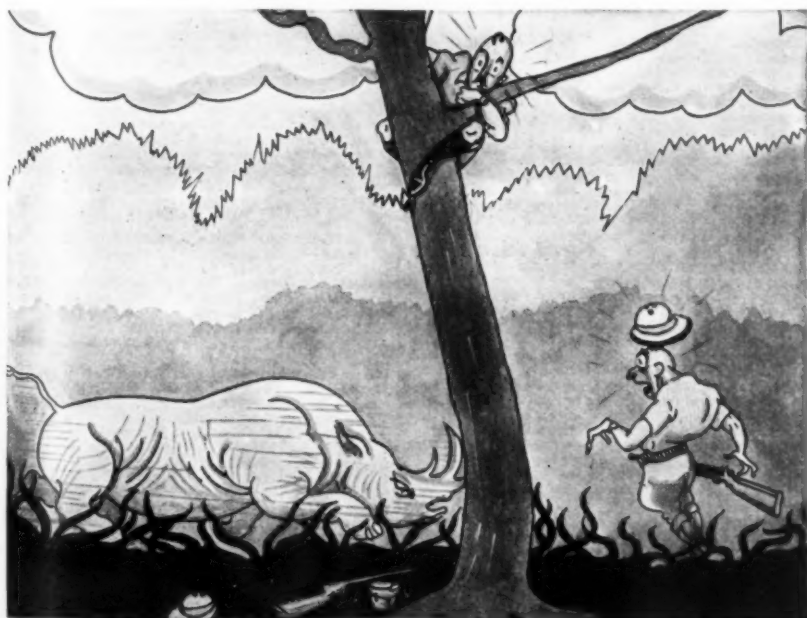
There are two heroic performances, by Alexis Davor and Katrina Kaja; and a word of approval should certainly be uttered for the American authorities who had the good sense to view this fine picture as a work of art, rather than as a vehicle for the conveyance of subversive propaganda, and allowed it to reach the public.

R. E. Sherwood.

The Confidential Guide to current movies will be found on page 26.

EMBRYO

Two small boys were out hunting in the woods, and one of them stooped and picked up a chestnut burr. "Buddy!" he called excitedly. "Come here! I've found a porcupine egg!"



THE MAN ON THE GROUND: What'll I do? Oh, what'll I do?

THE OTHER MAN: I don't know—but tell him for Pete's sake to quit pushing this tree!



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Drama

More or Less Serious

Coquette. *Maxine Elliott*—Helen Hayes in a sad little tragedy of amorous dalliance. One of the late season's outstanding performances.

Diamond Lil. *Royale*—A more or less regulation melodrama of the old-time underworld which has been taken up socially and made one of the "things to see." Mae West wrote it and it is its queen bee.

Diplomacy. *Erlanger's*—An all-star revival. To be reviewed next week.

Dorian Gray. *Billmore*—You can knock us over with a feather if this is still in town by now.

The Ladder. *Cori*—Certain revisions have been made in this, which will probably necessitate paying people a slight bonus for attending.

Porgy. *Republic*—Return engagement of the Negro production which was the Theater Guild's first success of the season. Worth seeing again.

Rope. *Civic Repertory*—Mob spirit dramatized effectively.

The Scarlet Fox. *Masque*—Good Willard Mack melodrama, showing how the Canadian Mounted always get their man—sometimes a woman as well.

The Silent House. *Morocco*—Special creeper, bringing Chinese duplicity into play, together with a dash of poison gas.

The Skull. *Forrest*—Not our favorite melodrama.

Strange Interlude. *John Golden*—Five hours of O'Neill, out of which one is superb, two good, and two pretty much junk.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. *National*—A murder mystery solved before your eyes in a court-room.

Comedy and Things Like That

Anna. *Lyceum*—Judith Anderson and Lou Tellegen in the one about the handsome artist who falls in love with his little mix of a model.

The Bachelor Father. *Belasco*—One of the comedies which is set for the summer, with June Walker playing the smart illegitimate child, assisted by C. Aubrey Smith and Geoffrey Kerr.

Bottled in Bond. *Klaw*—A pleasant enough little play about genteel bootlegging.

Burlesque. *Plymouth*—This story of love backstage has had enough solid merit to keep it running from the beginning of the season, helped along by Hal Skelly and Barbara Stanwyck.

Excess Baggage. *Ritz*—Vaudevillians at work and in love, with a wov at the finish.

Get Me in the Movies. *Earl Carroll*—A farce without much to recommend it—in fact, nothing.

The Happy Husband. *Empire*—Very pleasant British talk concerning intrigue and jealousy on a house party, especially good in the second act. Billie Burke heads the cast, but A. E. Matthews and Lawrence Grossmith are also in it.

Our Betters. *Henry Miller's*—Ina Claire in a highly successful second showing of Maugham's attack on anglicized Americans.

Paris Bound. *Music Box*—Smart dialogue on the subject of marital infidelity, spoken by a smart cast headed by Madge Kennedy.

The Road to Rome. *Playhouse*—Return engagement of Jane Cowl in Robert Sherwood's successful interpretation of a moot point in ancient history.

The Royal Family. *Selwyn*—Life in a family of theatrical stars made into one of the most entertaining plays in town.

Skidding. *Bijou*—Rather weak home-life-in-small-town comedy.

Ten Nights in a Barroom. *Wallack's*—To make you stop and think.

Volpone. *Guild*—Boisterous Renaissance comedy, with some fine touches.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Black Birds of 1928. *Liberty*—Negro show containing some of the best stuff in town, especially in the second act.

A Connecticut Yankee. *Vanderbilt*—Highly modernized and expertly musicalized version of the Mark Twain story, with William Gaxton and Constance Carpenter.

The Five O'Clock Girl. *Shubert*—Oscar Shaw and Mary Eaton in a pleasantly innocuous show, with a couple of good tunes.

Funny Face. *Alvin*—Spectacular dancing by Fred Astaire, dancing and comedy from his little sister Adele, and just comedy from Victor Moore and Andrew Tombes.

Good News. *Forty-Sixth St.*—The pioneer of the season's fast-moving, stamping dance shows.

Grand Street Follies. *Booth*—To be reviewed next week.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Winter Garden*—Much the same as usual, with "Dr." Rockwell adding an expert comedy touch.

Here's Howe! *Broadhurst*—Walter Catlett has joined Ben Bernie (with band) and Allen Kearns to make this an easy summer show to sit through.

Present Arms. *Low Fields' Mansfield*—The latest Fields-Rodgers-Hart opus, displaying their customary talents. Charles King, Flora Le Breton and Joyce Barbour lead the singing.

Rain or Shine. *Cohan*—As if it were not enough to have the Master, Joe Cook, in a show, this one also has Tom Howard.

Rosalie. *New Amsterdam*—Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue bringing musical comedy into West Point, and very prettily, too.

Show Boat. *Ziegfeld*—Containing some of the best music in town, with Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan and Norma Terris.

The Three Musketeers. *Lyric*—Dumas to music, with Ziegfeld settings and Dennis King as the hero.

Robert Benchley.

Silent Drama

Recent Developments

The Man Who Laughs. *Universal*—One of the great pictures of the year—admirably directed by Paul Leni and played with fine fervor by Conrad Veidt and many others. This one shouldn't be missed.

Tempest. *United Artists*—Another thoroughly creditable production, with the best performance that John Barrymore has given since "Beau Brummel." Russia, in 1914-18, provides the background.

Hangman's House. *Fox*—Somewhat ham melodrama of the Ould Sod, well acted and beautifully photographed.

Ramona. *United Artists*—Dolores Del Rio is the heroine of a dreary romance. The scenery is great.

Steamboat Bill, Jr. *United Artists*—One of Buster Keaton's funniest comedies.

Street Angel. *Fox*—The talents of those two nice young people, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, are pretty well obscured in this one.

The Big Noise. *First National*—A mixture of delicate satire and flat-footed hokum, with a noble characterization by Chester Conklin.

Across to Singapore. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Ramón Novarro proves that he can hold his own with a whole shipload of two-fisted men.

Mother Machree. *Fox*—Belle Bennett as an Irish mother who discovers that New York City is a little bit of heaven, too.

The Trail of '98. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Up the slopes of Chilkoot Pass with the big parade of prospectors. Clarence Brown has devised some scenes that are magnificent and some that are not so magnificent.

Sadie Thompson. *United Artists*—Grand work by Gloria Swanson in the movie version of "Rain."

A Girl in Every Port. *Fox*—Victor McLaglen as a promiscuous sailor in an amusing but none too delicate comedy.

Skyscraper. *Pathé*—Tragedy, comedy, melodrama and romance, well mixed.

The Patsy. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Marion Davies demonstrates her skill as an impersonator in a very mild entertainment.

Ladies' Night. *First National*—This conforms to my notion of cheap humor.

Simba. *Martin Johnson*—Startling close-ups of wild animals in Africa, with Mrs. Johnson in the foreground.

Red Hair. *Paramount*—They show you colored views of Clara Bow's hair in this—and that isn't all they show you, in case you're interested.

Glorious Betsy. *Warner Bros.*—Another use of the Vitaphone and Dolores Costello. The plot is all about a Baltimore girl who married Napoleon's brother.

Burning Daylight. *First National*—A fairly typical Milton Sills melodrama.

Three Sinners. *Paramount*—Pola Negri as a cast-off wife who gets back her man.

The Gaucho. *United Artists*—I wish Doug Fairbanks would hurry up and make that sequel to "The Three Musketeers."

Dressed to Kill. *Fox*—The thrilling career of an attractive crook.

The Crowd. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Art is long.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. *Universal*—Eliza again goes through her famous ice-routine, and it still gets over big.

Speedy. *(Paramount)*, **Sunrise.** *(Fox)*, **The Last Command.** *(Paramount)*, **The Circus.** *(United Artists)* and **Wings.** *(Paramount)*—You should have seen all these long ago.

R. E. Sherwood.

Reading Matters

Fact

Hearst—An American Phenomenon. By John K. Winkler. *Simon & Schuster*—A Biography for People Who Think. Our most influential hypocrite seen through somewhat rosy spectacles.

What'll We Do Now? By E. Longstreth and Leonard T. Holton. *Simon & Schuster*—Party game by people you know. Especially recommended to the Governors of the Carolinas.

Complete Sayings of Jesus. A Glowing Short Story. D. H. Pierpont (Williamsburg, Mass.). "An extraordinary little document."—*Fannie Hurst*.

The Ways of Behaviorism. By John B. Watson. *Harper's*—Common-sense psychology explained in thoughts of one syllable.

Captain Jack. By (as told to) Henry Outerbridge. *Century*—Rough-and-tumble autobiography of a Secret Service man which leaves us just a little cold.

"Gentlemen, Be Seated." By Bailey Paskman and Sigmund Spaeth. *Doubleday, Doran*—Try this on your harmonica, Mister Interlocutor.

Tammany Hall. By M. R. Werner. *Doubleday, Doran*—With such a record, it is no wonder the Tiger wears stripes. Should not be taken to Houston.

The Gangs of New York. By Herbert Asbury. *Knopf*—The Social Register of the old-time underworld.

Fiction

But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes. By Anita Loos. *Liveright*—Good enough to be the sequel to "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," which it is.

Catherine-Paris. By Princess Marthe Bibesco. *Harcourt, Brace*—Amorous travelogue of the European aristocracy. Maybe we're wrong.

The Closed Garden. By Julian Green. *Harper's*—Insanity in a French Provincial village. Depressing, but somehow satisfactory.

The Virgin Queen. By Harford Powel, Jr. *Little, Brown*—An advertising man's Elizabethan play creates an international furor. Witty and wise. What more could you ask?

Behind That Curtain. By Earl Derr Biggers. *Bobbs-Merrill*—Your money's worth of mystery, convincingly solved by modest Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective.

Bad Girl. By Viña Delmar. *Harcourt, Brace*—Report on Nos. 6,999,901 and 6,999,902 of New York's 7,000,000 population. Full details concerning No. 6,999,903.

The Greene Murder Case. By S. S. Van Dine. *Scribner's*—It's the cadavers that make this a rattling good mystery. Another triumph of Philo Vance, the society flatfoot.

The Saga of Cap'n John Smith. By Christopher Ward. *Harper's*—Not too brilliant, but amusing enough doggerel about the boy-friend of Pocahontas.

Alice in the Delighted States. By Edward Hope. *Dial Press*—Well-bred satire.

Perry Githens.



Gown by Jay-Thorp, Inc.

MOVIES

OF THEIR WEDDING !

*How the bride and the
groom will appreciate
your gift of a Ciné-Kodak*

THERE will be many gifts, yours among them. But yours will be the only one about which this can be said:

It will be used during the ceremony.

It will be used during the honeymoon.

As each anniversary rolls around, it will still be in use just as good as ever.

They will treasure it more and more as years pass and it will constantly remind them of your thoughtfulness.

Can't you imagine their gratitude? Do you think that any gift will be as precious to them as movies of their wedding? How delighted they will be to show them to those friends who could not be there. How delighted they will be to show them later on to their children. How they will love to look at those wedding and honeymoon films when youth has gone!

Meanwhile they will be using your gift over and over. With the Ciné-



Kodak they will take many a movie of each other, their friends, and their children. They will take pictures of their parents . . . pictures that will be a permanent record of those they love and cherish most.

The Ciné-Kodak is a modern gift. It is new, original, and at the same time inseparably bound up with the sentiment of the occasion. You won't have to worry about its suiting somebody else's taste. It is everybody's taste. Moreover, you can be sure that both bride and groom will appreciate it. You can depend upon their being enthusiastic from the very moment they receive it.

Suggest that they begin taking pictures at once. The bride and groom by a window . . . before leaving the house (the Ciné-Kodak, f.1.9, for example, takes wonderful interior pictures). The bride as she alights from

the car in front of the church. The guests as they enter or leave. The bridesmaids and ushers. The flower-girls. The reception afterward.

The Ciné-Kodak is the simplest of all home movie cameras. It embodies Eastman's forty years' experience in devising easy picture-taking methods for the amateur. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made home movie making equally simple. See your Kodak dealer for a demonstration. Clip coupon below for booklet.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Dept. L F-6, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....



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The Fit That's World Famous

is yours in a "B.V.D." Union Suit. It is made in an unequalled range of sizes to assure one just right for your build.

Its patented closed crotch—its special webbing construction at shoulder and encircling waist—its shaped lines and characteristic tailoring—guarantee unequalled ease and play.

From the creation of "B.V.D." Nainsook in our own mills, to the completion of the last lock-stitched seam, exclusive quality is built into all "B.V.D." garments.

For coolness, comfort and long wear insist on this Red Woven Label.



Men's Union Suit \$1.50
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Shirts, Drawers, Shorts, Men's and Youths' Union Suits obtainable in fancy materials at various prices.
Children's Reinforced Taped Waist Suits 75c the suit.

The B. V. D. Company, Inc., N. Y.
Sole Makers "B. V. D." Underwear

"Next to Myself I like
'B.V.D.' Best!"

Stream of Consciousness

During a Reading of Original Poetry at a Middlewestern Literary Club

So tonight the more creative spirits of the club will have their little hour that ought to mean sixty minutes I shall first let you have a rollicking little thing aptly named "Let Us Go A-Gypsying" by Miss Lilymae Farquhar Brussmiller thanks so much Mrs. Apthorpe oh come let us go a-gypsying we'll thumb a nose at care we will will we oh come let us go a-gypsying I'd really rather not but you go ahead Lil don't mind me oh come let us go a-gypsying we'll batten on its joys I'm afraid I can't make it Lil honest I don't feel like battenning on Mr. Larry Fay's sharply etched little piece in the manner of the Japanese *hokku* catalpa branches whipping the moon-shield bring memories of pale water trickling through peach blossoms don't tell me Larry don't tell me let me guess does it begin with an "s" and I wonder how the birds know so do I Larry by Miss Cherry Blaine Black all day I have been with the skies blue skies smi-hiling at mee-ee nothing but blue-oo skies do I see and the night intimate expectant I come to you I come to you in the warm night in the caressing softness of the warm southwind weather clear track fast I come to you with joy with abandon I come to you I come to you with the inspiration come on come o-on come o-on Inspiration ride him Mr. Clarence Bixby is represented by from Tarentum I will bring ecstasies is that a promise bring a few for me richer than argosies of old is my love my love is a fountain of blue larkspur all right then bring me some of that and a little horseradish from Tarentum I will bring ecstasies all right but don't forget the horseradish and a perfectly articulated sonnet by Miss Felicia Quackenbush when fingering this old lute I think of thee but if you didn't have that old lute to finger you'd be thinking of somebody else eh you women are all alike scratch a woman and find a luter that's what you are an old luter I'm through through do you understand good-by good-by forever good-by good-by good-by good-by good-by I'll just say good-by good-by Mrs. Apthorpe it's been a charming evening and I wish I could stay for the discussion but I really have to go out and get some horseradish that's what I'll say I'll say that I am going a-gypsying I'll say that my love is a fountain of horseradish Mrs. Apthorpe I am going to say Mrs. Apthorpe I am going to say my God what am I going to say my GOD.

Tupper Greenwald.

THE NEW AMERICA

SHOPGIRL (to another behind the counter, as a customer comes in): Mamie, will you wait on this woman? (Then, to the customer.) This lady will wait on you.



Like Rare Old Wine

The flicker of candle-light... fairy-like shadows on tapestry hung walls... exquisitely carved silver... sparkling crystal.

—And DECKER'S TOWN CLUB Ham, mellowed as rare old wine is mellowed! Enriched with a flavor that takes you back to the days when hams were home-cured and seasoned with weeks of patient curing and the rare, pungent smoke of real, green hickory-wood!

DECKER'S TOWN CLUB HAM

is made the old-fashioned way from the choicest young porkers. They are served by Clubs whose memberships demand the finest, the better Hotels, and on private cars. They weigh between 12 and 16 pounds. The price is 50 cents the pound delivered.

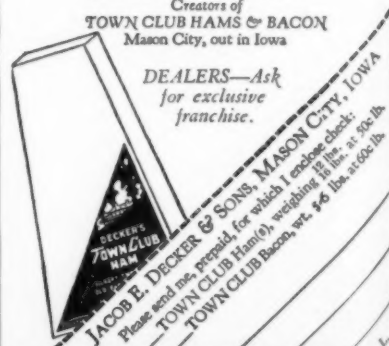
DECKER'S TOWN CLUB BACON

cured and smoked the same long careful way, comes in a flitch, weighing about 5-6 pounds, and is priced at 60 cents delivered. You've probably never had its equal. Order direct from us, with the understanding that if you are not satisfied, your money will be refunded.

"Special proposition for Country Clubs, Town Clubs, Hotels, and Restaurants. Write direct to us for detailed information."

JACOB E. DECKER & SONS
Creators of
TOWN CLUB HAMS & BACON
Mason City, out in Iowa

DEALERS—Ask
for exclusive
franchise.



Add 5 cents per pound west of Rockies.



FIRST CADDY— "What's your guy playin'?"

SECOND CADDY—"A Kro-Flite—that's the ball yuh can't cut!"

FIRST CADDY— "Like fun yuh can't!"

SECOND CADDY—"Naw, yuh can't! It's guaranteed fer 72 holes, and one guy last year played 504 holes wid one Kro-Flite!"

FIRST CADDY— "Yeah? Then it ain't got no distance!"

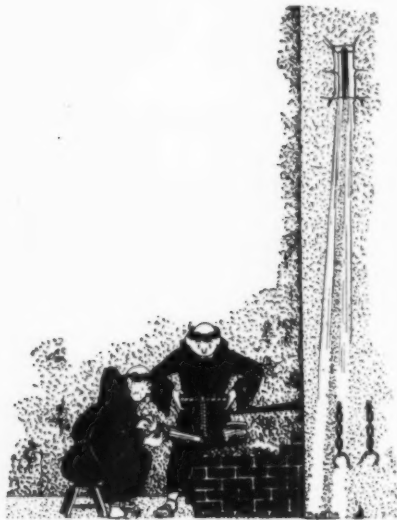
SECOND CADDY—"Oh, it ain't? Well, the best drive last year was made wid a Kro-Flite—425 yards. An' my guy's outrived yours on every hole so far. An' my guy's five up on yours. So laugh that off!"

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

105 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



"Fer Gawd's sake, Ambrose, go easy on the amount of molten lead you pour down that heretic's throat. Remember, I've got to lug him away."

—YALE RECORD.

IN A PINCH—

WHEN Mrs. Ethel Watts Mumford, the novelist, finished her last book she decided to go abroad for a rest and change of scene. She took a boat for the Mediterranean but as she wanted quiet she did not join up for any of the land excursions.

At Athens, however, she hired a motor and went on a little sightseeing trip alone. Arriving at the foot of the Acropolis, she climbed up the hill to the Parthenon.

When she caught sight of the wonderful structure, its sheer beauty affected her to such an extent that she fainted from pure ecstasy. She collapsed on the spot and it was several minutes before she regained her composure.

Some of her fellow passengers on the ship, who were not far behind her on the hill, came up as she was lying on the ground. One of them, a matronly-looking woman—the type George Ade described as invariably found in the back seat of a Ford in the Middle West—bent over her and patted her on the arm.

"I know how you feel, dearie," she sympathized. "My feet hurt, too."

—New York Evening World.

GARNISH ANGUISH

A SPRIG of parsley on a chop
Excites my fear and loathing;
Into the gravy it will hop
And splatter on my clothing.

—C. B. De C., in New York World.

A COUPLE of scientists over in Paris are trying to split an atom, but we hope one of them relents and lets the other fellow have the whole thing.—New York Evening Post.

A DECATHLON is any combination of ten athletic events. Such as putting up a screen door.—Detroit News.

IMPERIOUS CAESAR

"In going through the usual term examination papers," writes a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, "I came across the following indication that the old-fashioned ideas of manly virtues are still alive in Lancashire: 'In his domestic relations Caesar was not very gentle. He spoke harshly to his wife as if he had been addressing the senate. Another good point in Caesar is that he was honest.'"

—Buffalo Courier-Express.

"— AND OUT!"

BATTERED BOXER: 'Ow many more rounds?

ONE OF HIS SECONDS (gloomily): Only about 'alf a one, I'm afraid.

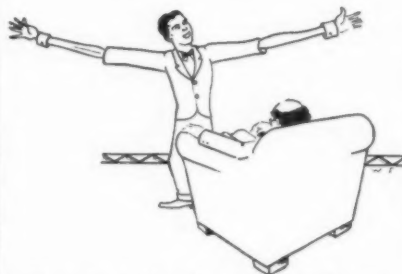
—Pearson's Weekly (London).

EARL CARROLL has it from Joe Frisco that the purpose in raising the subway fare to seven cents is to keep the rabble out.

—New York Sun.

"MONEY MATTERS," reads a headline in a contemporary. We quite agree; it does.

—Humorist (London).



The India Rubber Man Tells a Fish Story.

—COLUMBIA JESTER.



"Why the clarinet if you don't know how to play it?"

"Oh, that's to frighten people with."

—L'INTRANSIGEANT (PARIS).

PLENTY

THE SPATTS had been at it again.

"And furthermore," said Mrs., concluding her long tirade, "you certainly aren't much of a husband."

"Well, my dear," Mr. retorted wearily, "I can truthfully say that you are a lot of wife."

—American Legion Monthly.

A STUD RETRIEVER

A DOG was recently operated on for the recovery of a collar-stud which it had swallowed. It seems that the intelligent beast caught it just as it was dashing across the floor to hide.

—Punch.

REVISED version: Go to the picnic, thou sluggard.—Louisville Times.



"It's dreadful the way you run after the ladies—and at your age, too!"
"Well, remorse is preferable to regret, as the saying is—especially as I never feel it anyway."

—LE RIRE (PARIS).

"IN THE SPRING...."

AWAY with your brazen bingle!
Your arrogant tresses furl!
I've fallen in love with a shingle
Adorned by an errant curl!

Ye hearts that are ripe to tingle,
Oh, never a vernal stir'll
(Or fancy born of the Spring'll)
Set you such a frantic whirl!

Let the bells of Hymen jingle!
Let wedding jesters hurl!
Confetti and rice to mingle
With satin and lace and pearl!

Or shall I continue single
In spite of the errant curl?
For I'd have to wed, with the shingle,
The whole of the rest of the girl.

—Punch.

"The continual playing of games is rather shattering to mental development," says an expert. A correspondent says he has often thought the same of his bridge partners.

—London Opinion.

The first car always has the owner's initials.—Collier's.



USHER: Are you bride or bridegroom?

CONFIRMED BACHELOR (indignantly): Neither, thank God!

—TATLER (LONDON).

"My problem in this electrical age," observed the Great Orator wistfully, "is how to point with pride over the radio."

—Detroit News.

A BOSTONIAN'S HOLIDAY

PHILIP HALE has been dramatic and music critic of the Boston Herald for many years. He had not been in New York for fifteen years until a few days ago. As he was spending only one night in Gotham, picking his single entertainment was a nice problem.

He chose the Boston Symphony concert at Carnegie Hall.—Variety.

Tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters. In sweetened water, after meals, is great aid to digestion. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. In stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Balto., Md.

NO TASK FOR TENDERFEET

DR. FRANK H. VIZETELLY, managing editor of The New Standard Dictionary, declares the English of editorial pages of American newspapers, as a rule, "really marvelous," but says he doesn't read the sport pages.

"Doesn't"? How do we know he could?

—Louisville Times.

"Pastor Urges Patience in the Home."—Herald Tribune headline.

He sounds like a former Newcastle coal-carrier. —New York World.

EVERY man has moments of vindictive-ness when he wishes he were a king or a truck-driver.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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Persons You Are Simply Mad About



The Absent Minded Ass

That Percy's a genius he makes you aware
By his soulful expression and unscissored hair—
And his abstracted mien of the thinker profound
As he strews burning fag ends and ashes around.
"I'm so absent minded," dear Percy explains—
But his intimate friends call it absence of brains.

ARE you, too, blessed with friends whose company manners were acquired in bar-rooms?

Regardez. For the price of one rug ruined by a glowing cigarette end you can buy a whole flock of Nevasmoks. Now, don't expose your ignorance by asking what a Nevasmok is.

Nevasmok is the latest thing in ash receivers—as modern and convenient and voguey as companionate marriage. The most careless smoker cannot resist its tempting invita-

tion to feed it with ashes and cigarette stubs.

And once a fag end is in a Nevasmok, it's out. Abso-posi-lutely. It's gone without a trace of smell or smoke. You can tip a Nevasmok over, but you can't keep it down. You can stand it on its head without spilling an ash.

Your favorite smoke shop has Nevasmoks in bright Moscow Reds, cheerful Prohibition Blues, gorgeous Hydrogen Peroxide Yellows—or what will you?

YANKEE METAL PRODUCTS CORPORATION, 507 W. 50th St., New York

Specialists in artistic smoke accessories

New York
Showroom:—
Fifth Avenue
Building
200 Fifth Avenue
Room 1121

NEVASMOK
Smokeless and Odorless Ash Receiver

Chicago
Showroom:—
American
Furniture Mart
666 Lake Shore Drive
Space 618

WHEN IT'S IN
IT'S OUT

If you don't find
NEVASMOK at
your favorite
smoke shop just
send us \$2.50 and
we will ship you
one postpaid.





Are you smoking cigars that recall the olden barkeep's time-worn line?

"NOT right now, gentlemen," came his classic reply when asked to join in a drink, "but I will take a cigar."

Maybe he smoked it later—but always it went to the jacket pocket above and to starboard of his vast and swelling paunch.

The barkeep is gone (officially). The accompanying paunches and the cigars (actually)—in this modern world of 1928.

Today's cigar is as different from the old time blend as your breakfast this morning against the beefsteak breakfast of thirty years ago.

And Haddon Hall cigars typify the change. Light as a wine from the Rhine, yet full-bodied and flavorful as a Napoleon brandy. A rich bouquet, a mellow fragrance, that never surfeits! Most every good tobacconist around New York can bring you as up-to-date in your cigars as you are in your cravats. Just ask for Haddon Halls. D. Emil Klein Company, New York.

★

Haddon Hall

Cigars

A Nose for News

"WANTED—An Experienced Clarinet Player who is an experienced Tire Vulcanizer."

—The Billboard.

Who called that clarinet player a tire vulcanizer, or vice versa?

"MUSSOLINI ONLY MAN IN ROME TO DEFEY HEAT."

—Headline.

BUT if the heat had the temerity to defy Mussolini, *that* would be news.

"C. R. Overly, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, was arrested last night on a charge of beating his wife."

"For Sale—Commercial Hotel, doing good business. Selling on account of wife's bad health."

—Items from the Harrisburg (Ill.) Chronicle.

THE ancient law of Cause and Effect is still enforced.

"Q. I find myself puzzled as to what I should do with all the silver that confronts me in restaurants, etc. I do not know what foods I should eat with a spoon, with a fork or with the fingers. Please advise me."

—New York Evening Graphic.

ANSWER: Stay at home.

"Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Smith are the proud parents of a nine-pound boy, who arrived at their home last night."

"PLAIN DEALER WANT ADS BRING RESULTS."

—Wabash (Indiana) Plain Dealer.

SERVICE!

"He would call me by phone and then plague me by asking me to guess who it was at the other end of the line. He would carry on this way until I reached the point of exasperation. Then he would press the nozzle of his cornet to the mouthpiece of the phone and start playing. There was quite a bit of vibration at first, but finally the clear, sweet notes would come floating to my sensitive ear. It was heavenly. Then I would know it was Horace."—From a news story in the New Orleans Times-Picayune.

OR it might even have been static.

"Quite a number assisted Warren Harshman in butchering Wednesday. John Carrol and Ed. Calson assisted Dan Lawson in butchering Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. William Horn, and E. E. Byers, assisted Warren Reeves with his butchering Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Alva Parvis, of Conroe, assisted Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Holst with their butchering Tuesday."

"Grove Barker and Edward Andrew butchered Tuesday. Floyd Andrew assisted in the butchering."

"Those that assisted Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roth butcher Tuesday, were Mr. and Mrs. John Stingley and son, Leonard, of Lafayette, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Brandt, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer McCoombs, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Weaver, Guy and Robert Warwick, Mrs. Ella Burkhalter, of Edna, and George Robbins."—Lafayette (Indiana) Journal.

WE'VE decided to cancel our plans for spending the summer in Lafayette, Indiana.

"CONGRESS HAS BUSY DAY BUT DOES NOTHING."

—Fairmount (W. Va.) Times.

OH, why don't the newspapers ever print any news?



"San Francisco

Overland Limited"

Chicago • Lake Tahoe • San Francisco

The choice of discriminating travelers who, speeding to California, would follow the direct Overland Trail of '49. Return in equal luxury by one of the other three alternative Southern Pacific routes, on "SUNSET LIMITED" (San Francisco-Los Angeles-Houston-New Orleans); "GOLDEN STATE LIMITED" (Los Angeles-El Paso-Kansas City-Chicago); or the "CASCADE" (San Francisco-Portland, Ore., and points East).

Southern Pacific

Write to E. W. CLAPP, traffic manager, Department P-14, room 1022,
310 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, for complimentary booklet,
"HOW BEST TO SEE THE PACIFIC COAST"

Before Shaving HINDS CREAM



Right next to me
In a barber's chair
Sat another man
Who had awful nerve.
He had his hair cut
But refused to be shaved,
The one thing he needed
In the worst kind of way.
"A piker?" said I
To Tony the boss.
And Tony said, "No-o!
Dis man he all right,
He lika da shave better
When he do it himself
Wid plenty Hinds Cream
Before he put on da
lather."



Before you lather, rub
in Hinds Cream vigor-
ously for two or three
seconds. You'll be sur-
prised how it softens
the beard!

Then lather right over
the Hinds Cream while
it is still wet. Boy!
what a clean, smooth,
easy shave!



After shaving, rub in
a little more Hinds
Cream until your fin-
gers cling. Your skin
will feel soft and re-
laxed all day.

After Shaving HINDS CREAM



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LEHN & FINK, Inc.
Sole Distributors

Dept. 998
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey and
Almond Cream, so I can enjoy a smooth shave for once.

Name.....

Address.....

(This coupon not good after June, 1929)

Shave your face but save your skin



IT SEEMS WE GOT OFF AT THE
WRONG STATION

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

SIR:

You say: "The South Station
burned up in Boston and there was
hardly a whimper about it."

For approximately forty-five years I
have agreed with you as absolutely as it
is possible for anything to be absolute.
Now, however, it is necessary to call you
to account for inaccurate reporting and
misstatement of fact, 'Sterrible!

Primarily it wasn't South Station which
was beset by the flames. It was Back Bay
Station. I was there, and I saw the
sparks fly upward and the incidental
borning unto trouble. Too, you say there
was hardly a whimper. Whimpers? There
were millions of them. And there were
low, faint moans, wailings and such per-
turbation of spirit as had not been since
that glorious day when Philip Hale sug-
gested that the red lights showing the
exits at Symphony Hall meant: "This
way in case of Brahms."

And why? Don't you know that any
Bostonian being called by unkind Fate to
visit that vast terra incognita lying West
of Wellesley and having, forsooth, to
travel by train, would no more think of
going down to South Station than he
would allow anyone born since 1620 to
enter the Somerset Club? No. The only
place for the entrainment of the Brahmin
was at Back Bay Station. If, as sometimes
happened, it was necessary for him to go
down the Cape—Cape trains not going
out through Back Bay—he either drove
by motor down to Quincy and took the
train there, or he approached South Sta-
tion wearing colored glasses and a gas
mask. The rise in the price of camphor
noted since April 15 is due solely to the
greatly increased consumption by those
who soak it up in sponges whenever they
have to go down toward South Boston,—
down to Atlantic Avenue and Summer
Street,—to catch trains for the far places
where dwell Mr. Mencken's celebrated
boobs and where Main Streets try val-
iantly to achieve the distinction of Corn-
hill and Scollay Square.

April 15—the date of the burning of
Back Bay Station—will go down in his-
tory with that other April day when the
embattled farmers stood out there at Lex-
ington and shot the redcoats full of holes.
Some modern Longfellow or Martin Tup-
per will arise and embalm in more or
less undying verse the tragic tale of that
Sunday morning. He will tell how Bos-
tonians—all the way from Washington
Street to the Newtons, rose as one man
and went down to Copley Square to weep

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in the World

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(headline deleted
by the censor)

ANYONE who crashes into an
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candidate for the flashlight habit.
There ought to be one or more
good flashlights in every house-
hold. Kept handy to point a
warning finger of bright light
at lurking shin-crackers and
clothes-rippers during raids on
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expeditions.

No matter what the make of
your flashlight may be, you can
make it and keep it a star per-
former with genuine Eveready
Batteries. They're packed to the
hilt with the stuff that makes
light. And how they do last!

Load with Eveready Batteries
—always. They're the re-charge
of the light brigade.

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sill's promptly ends the faintness
and nausea of Travel Sickness. 34
75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
New York Paris Montreal London

25 Years In Use

copiously over the passing of the dismalest railroad station in the world—except those in Buffalo and Cleveland. He will tell how the falling tears rose in waves, swamped the two lower floors of the University Club; how the Public Library was inundated and how the Huntington Avenue cars stopped running for two days because of the floods. And you say there was hardly a whimper. God bless my soul!

HARRY P. TABER.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

A VOTE FOR WILL ROGERS

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

SIR:

I have just read your editorial about a Bunkless Party. I believe that the country is ready for such a party, as I travel continuously and have occasion to talk to men, particularly in the educational system of the country. As to a platform, issues and candidates, these can be found and nothing would please me better than to meet the author of the editorial and start a round table to at least formulate a platform. Thinking men and women are waiting for somebody to do it.

Sincerely,

HORACE V. BRUCE.

ALBION, N. Y.

NON-COLLEGIATE

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

SIR:

Your Nova Vita is very welcome. For a while it seemed that LIFE, too, was going collegiate. This would be too bad. There is enough rah-rahing going on in this country. We business men turn from our butter and eggs at night to grownup, staple humor. A little sprinkling of campus stuff is all right, but there is no sense, as you say, in being too darned broadminded.

The only razzberry I hand you on policy is on the prohibition question. You are narrow, acrid, undignified, one-sided and unLifelike. It's not fair and hundreds of your readers feel as I do. I confess I have gone back to reading you after a prolonged abstinence on this account. Giving you another trial.

Benchley strikes the note that should be maintained in LIFE—excruciatingly funny, simple, decent. Sherwood's reviews are perfect in tone. A rare pair. Lloyd Mayer belongs and Baird Leonard is indispensable. Neal O'Hara, F. P. A., and Milt Gross—wonderful ramifications. Congratulations!

Publish this letter if you like, but not my name. It gets into mailing lists and I'll have to buy a larger waste basket.

"INCONSTANT READER."

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.



With her dainty Silhouette Douglass, Lois Wilson snaps a light for Richard Dix.

Her Douglass is silver ended, covered with ostrich skin. It sells for \$12.50

First of all it's automatic

Features are many in a Douglass. Sturdy build; dependableness; sheer good looks! But because it is *automatic*, a Douglass thrills its owner as no other lighter can. Press the trigger, there's your light! No soiled thumb or glove, no complicated technique... just a trigger press.



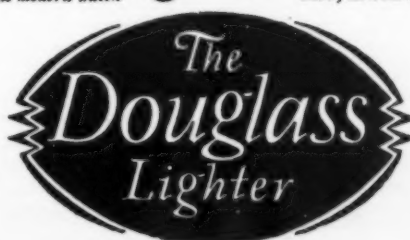
The Silhouette Douglass
...like the modern watch



And have you seen the watch-thin Silhouette Douglasses? A scarce 379 thousandths of an inch through, without a change in the patented Douglass construction. Cases of gold, silver and leathers... styles to match your slightest whim.

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USE these "tools" and make your shaving a pleasure instead of an operation: Klenzo Shaving Cream and Brush to break the beard's resistance; standard razors to reap swift and clean; Rexall Shaving Lotion to soothe and refresh the skin; Gentlemen's After Shaving Powder to make the face feel velvety-smooth. For a good job, well done, get your shaving things at your Rexall Drug Store.

SAVE with SAFETY at your

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Drug Store

You will recognize it by this sign. Liggett's are also Rexall stores



TWO COLLEGE HUMOR COLLEGIATES CONVERSE

"Hey! Hey! What d'ya know?"
 "Hey! Hey! Not a thing!"
 "Oh! You go to college, eh, Tiny Tim?"
 "K.O. on the dot, big timer. Hey! Hey! Charleston! Let's get lit."
 "Black Bottom! Oh, boy, and the Varsity! Varsity! Drag! Drag yo' feet!"
 "Little gin, eh, boy? Hot! Hot! Hot!"
 "I'll tell the cross-eyed world, you jabber keenly! I was lit last night, too. What say, big feet? Ain't college grand?"
 "Ah, momma! Give us wimmen! Wimmen! Wimmen!"
 "Silk stockings! Short skirts! Lotsa leg on view!"
 "Stomp, boy, stomp! Atta kid. Let's get lit."
 "Right you preach. I was lit all last week."
 "Lit! Lit! Lit! Tight! Spiffed! Tanked! That's us, baby. And wimmen. Ah! Let us pray!"
 "A red hot party! A wow! Dammit, classes are a nuisance."
 "Hark! The oracle has spoke. Got the old Ford running now. And how!"
 "Collegiate?"
 "Oh, boy! Not one like it in the whole Conference!"
 "Zowie! Rig! Jig! Boom! Let's step, friend."
 "Co-ax! Co-ax! Co-ax! Rah! Let's go, Elmer Gantry."
 "Likker! Wimmen! Likker! Wimmen! To hell with classes! Whoopee! We travel!"
 (They go off, singing that good old refrain, "We'd Die for Dear Old Kansas State.")
 —G. V., in Yale Record.

HENRY FORD AT OXFORD

THERE is an old joke about Baedeker's recommendation to the tourist that "both Oxford and Cambridge should be visited; if time presses, Cambridge may be omitted." Mr. Henry Ford, conscious as ever of time's winged footsteps, has omitted Cambridge. But his visit to Oxford would have puzzled old Baedeker, who lived and died comfortably before Oxford threatened to become a big industrial town. He went, avowedly, to "see the colleges," but when he got there he found metal more attractive than stone; he lunched and was whisked away to the Morris motor works at Cowley. No musing under Magdalen elms for him, no wandering by the river, no drifting down the narrow (much too narrow for modern traffic) stream of the High! He preferred to seek the great sheds and clustered cottages of Cowley, and he was agreeably surprised to find how much more like Detroit it was than could have been expected in the neighborhood of so reactionary a city. The next edition of Baedeker should see Oxford more heavily starred than ever, with perhaps a footnote to the effect that "the visitor by motor can save himself the tedium of driving through the tortuous streets of the older town by turning due north at Wallingford and making straight for Cowley."—*Manchester Guardian*.

WHAT EVERY DAD KNOWS

OUR married son never asks me to help him buy luxuries. He buys the luxuries with his own money and asks me to help him pay his rent.
 —*Milwaukee Journal*.

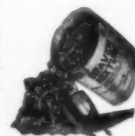
JACK DEMPSEY is definitely cast for a rôle in a melodrama to be produced next fall, and we await important developments when the first critic refers to Mr. Dempsey's performance as "adequate."—*Detroit News*.



The little London tobacco shop where Craven Mixture originated.

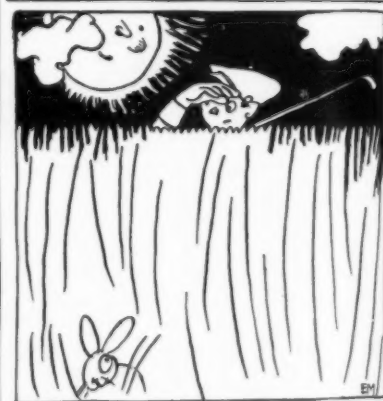
AN added dollar on the price of a ticket wouldn't keep you from enjoying a show you'd like to see. Then certainly you will not let a few cents additional keep you from enjoying the rare pleasure of smoking CRAVEN MIXTURE—a surpassingly fine pipe-tobacco, imported from England.

CRAVEN MIXTURE—a truly fine imported tobacco, first blended at the command of the Third Earl of Craven in 1867—can now be had at the better tobacconists in America and Canada, too. For a liberal sample tin, send 10c in stamps to Carreras, Ltd., Dept. 30, 220 Fifth Ave., New York.



Craven

MIXTURE
Imported from London



No, the gentleman is not hunting tigers on the veldt or the pampas or whatever it is. He is hunting for his golf ball which he just drove in the rough.

There are two ways to avoid this annoying necessity. One is to tie a string to the ball before driving off and then follow the string—the other is to play a Wilson colored ball—the ball with higher visibility.

Either Oriole-Orange or Canary-Yellow available in both Hol-Hi and Dura-Dist.

HOL-HI a thoroughbred in performance
 \$1.00 each - - - \$10.75 per dozen
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The cover next week is by Miguel Covarrubias.

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—Advt.

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FLASHES FROM THE Sport-Lite

The Optimist: "I can see good in anything."

The Motorist: "That so? Can you see good in driving at night without a SPORT-LITE?"

The improvement on driving lights

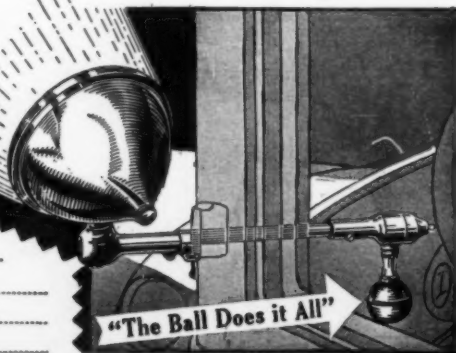
Longer, Stronger Beam — easiest to operate. Most beautiful appearing — moderately priced. A standard accessory with most cars. Complies with legal restrictions in all states. DeLuxe size \$25.00 — small size \$17.50.

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Please send information on SPORT-LITES.
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The Air Mail Must Go On

WITH the rush and roar of the tempest, as the pilot gave her the "gun," the mail plane rose and sped off toward the west, the precious pouches stowed safely away for their journey across the continent. Daylight and darkness, storm and fog lay ahead of this pilot and the others to whom he would hand over his valuable burden. *The air mail must go on.*

* * *

FIGHTING sleet, flying perilously near mountain peaks, now thousands of feet in the air, now skimming close to earth, the plane kept on. Great cities were passed by with the speed of the whirlwind. Rivers were crossed, prairies traversed. No sooner had one plane completed its hardy task than another took it up, and rushed on. *The air mail must go on.*

* * *

OUT of a night of lightning and thunder, out of the teeth of the hurricane dropped the airman onto the Western city. Three thousand treacherous miles had the air mail conquered. The pilot, weary and exhausted, stepped from his plane, and gave into the hands of the waiting postal officials the precious sacks containing:

300 circular letters to Los Angeles residents, reading: "You have been suggested as an outstanding citizen of integrity to represent in your city our high-class line of gents' Dubbel-Dootie Underwear."

400 appeals beginning: "Have you ever given a thought to your knee joints?"

600 form letters announcing: "This is your last chance to get a Bunk & Bagnalls Glossary of Dental Terms."

And one letter addressed to Miss Goldie Wince in Pasadena, reading: "This is being sent by U. S. Air Mail. Ain't I your high-stepping little old patootie?"

* * *

The air mail must go on—I forget just why.

Richard H. Anthony.

MR. MORGAN'S WHOOPEE

IN a report of Mr. J. P. Morgan's recent service as a grand juror, the Buffalo *Courier-Express* stated as follows:

"Sitting around a table on which stood such exhibits as a case of liquor, the grand jury considered twelve cases of which an abduction was probably the most serious. Charges of automobile thefts and liquor law violations were others considered."

"Morgan met his accustomed pursuers, the newspapermen, when he emerged from the courthouse shortly before 1 o'clock. He varied his familiar phrase slightly by saying, hT' wel awibej-fssufa-cmfwypmfw."

We gather that that evidence must have been the real stuff.

IF WILL HAYS ever grows tired of the movies, he can get a job with any college. He'd make a dandy absent-minded professor.

RHYMED REVIEWS

The Great American Band Wagon

By Charles Merz. The John Day Company.

"THE biggest, grandest, best on earth!"
We hear the barker ballyhooing,
And rush, no matter what it's worth,
To do what all the rest are doing.

The film unrolls, the newsboys cry,
The bootleg pirate fills the flagon,
The jazzband blares, "Come see! Come
buy!"
The Nation climbs the big band
wagon.

Our throbbing motors choke the ways,
We join a thousand mystic orders;
The crimes that cheer our duller days
Demand a host of keen recorders.

We build Egyptian bungalows,
Venetian towns and pink pagodas;
We tune a million radios,
We fill our maws with sloppy sodas.

We brag about our golfing tools,
We talk of cigarette aromas,
We enter correspondence schools
To win all sorts of weird diplomas.

We throng, acknowledging the claims
Of life's more vivid purple patches,
To beauty contests, baseball games
And distant views of boxing matches.

But when we snatch at gilded straws
While staid observers deem us frantic,
We act the way we do because
We're just incurably romantic.

We crave all thrills; and, not to miss
The thrill of self-accusive railings,
Devour a lot of books like this
That magnify our faults and failings.

Arthur Guiterman.

OPPOSITION

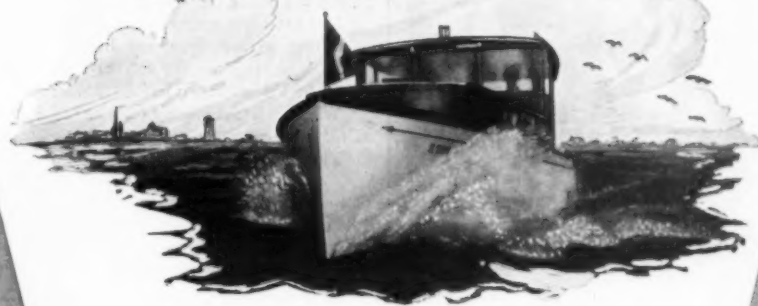
THE POLITICAL situation is becoming a little complicated. LIFE in its current issue comes out for Will Rogers for President. This is the first serious opposition to the Moran-and-Mack-for-President boom. Mr. Rogers, of course, is a splendid statesman and would make an excellent President, but we remain loyal to our early choice. In the first place, our ticket solves the nomination for the Vice-Presidency as well as that for the Presidency. Where could LIFE get a running mate for Rogers who could ask him funny questions?

No, Mr. Rogers must remain our second choice. Should Moran and Mack be eliminated we will give him our unqualified indorsement. And to simplify matters, we'll make LIFE's candidate a proposition. Moran and Mack will shoot dice with him any time, any place, the winner to take the White House and the loser to let his beard grow until it is long enough to choke Senator Heflin.

—Russel Crouse, in New York Evening Post.

FIRST GOLFER: What's par for the course?
SECOND: Why?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

BOATING IS BETTER!



MOTORING is all right! But when you are tired of dusty, crowded roads—when you want real thrills—try a boat! There's no sport on earth like boating!

Out on the water, buffeting a wind or merely moving calmly along, you will live more intensely than you have ever lived before! . . .

The Cruisabout is built for you! It is a cruiser, small enough to be inexpensive both in price and upkeep, but large enough to be a real boat. Four persons can live in it in utter comfort. . . .

The story of the Cruisabout will be sent instantly at your request. Write for it today.

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Display Rooms in all Principal CitiesRichardson
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RUINING THE ETHICS

At the Academy of Music on 14th Street the other afternoon, while the feature picture was running, a woman's shrill voice suddenly rang out, exclaiming: "How dare you strike me in public?"

That's the spirit that'll show men they'll have to keep some things sacred to the home.
—Variety.

REVIVED

THE best Richard Mansfield story we ever heard originated in Youngstown, at the old Grand Opera House. Knowing the great actor's reputation for temperament, the stage hands resolved to meet him more than half way. All of them bought "sneaks," which they wore to make their footsteps noiseless, and each one was instructed to be as silent as possible.

Standing in an entrance, the local stage manager said to the actor: "Listen, Mr. Mansfield, you can hear that clock ticking 'way over there on the other side of the stage."

"Yes," replied the actor, tersely; "have it stopped."—Youngstown Telegram.

A GOOD TRICK

AFTER Mr. Winston Churchill had made his clever retreat on the kerosene tax he met a journalist in the lobby. He stopped him, and said: "Oh, Mr. Blank, what are they saying in the Press Gallery about my speech?" The journalist suggested that perhaps Mr. Churchill might not like a truthful reply, but the latter insisted. "Well," said the journalist, "they are saying that you stood on your head because you hadn't a leg to stand on."

—Nation and Athenæum (London).

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DO FISH THINK?

("A captive blenny...soon learned to come to the feeding place at a given signal," says a report in the Journal of the Marine Biological Association.)

FULL oft beside the singing river
I've sat from morn to dewy night,
Catching a chill upon my liver,
And waiting for the fish to bite.
In vain I'd summon 'em to dinner
With squirming worm or flickering fly:
Deaf to the call of cravings inner,
They passed the morsel by.

I've angled for the artless roach men
Of low ambition love to snare;
I've dropped the niftiest gnats and coachmen
Where trouts were lurking unaware.
The bream, the tench, the dace, the grayling,
The perch, the barbel, and the chub—
Not one—it was their common failing—
Obeyed the call to grub.

Environment, I've heard, will vary a
Habit, alike in man or beast,
And fish confined in small aquaria
May learn to hurry to the feast;
But signals, from the hungry belly meant
To wring a swift response and sure,
To fishes in their native element
Have not the same allure.

The City man that mounts his daily bus
Has habits that the Hottentot,
Living in *puris naturalibus*,
If one may put it so, has not.
And fish in tanks may well be gleaning
New wisdom, and in time respond
To summonses that had no meaning
When they were in a pond.

I well believe the captive blenny,
Of whom these patient savants tell,
Takes a delight—he has not many—
In answering the dinner bell.
But left at large in lake or lonely
Burn, with what zeal a fish ignores
The call to food, when it's not only
His chance to eat, but yours!
—"Algol," in *London Evening News*.

HERE ENDETH THE LESSON

GRAHAM MOFFATT, in his book, "The Pawky Scot," relates an anecdote that indicates religion and thrift can be uneasy partners:

"A Canadian farmer of Scottish extraction kept up the religious traditions of his race by reading each morning to his family and his field workers a consecutive chapter of the Bible. One fine day in the harvesting season, when time was precious, he struck the sixth chapter of 1st Chronicles, which consists of eighty-one verses of genealogical names. He droned on till he came to:

"And Shallum begat Hilkiah and Hilkiah begat Azariah, and Azariah begat Seraiah, and Seraiah begat Johozadak."

"There he paused and looked over the leaf.
"Weel, my friends," he said, 'they begat ane anither richt doon to the end o' the page, and a lang way ower on the ither side, so we'll jist leave them to it. Off wi' ye to yer wark!'"

—Argonaut.

A RETURNED tourist claims that conditions are so bad in a part of Southern California where he was, they now build a "For Sale" sign right into the new house.—*Detroit News*.

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Don't delay ordering POLLEN-AIR, the electrically operated air filter that removes the cause of Hay Fever and Pollen Asthma. We may not be able to fill your order at the last minute before Hay Fever starts. Better reserve your POLLEN-AIR now, by telegraph and your check for \$25, applicable on full purchase price. POLLEN-AIR has the highest professional endorsement.

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Room 610, Hickox Building
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Back to camp with a handsome string



WE HAD fished far up the lake and were loath to stop, for how those trout were rising. But the cook's grim warning—why are cooks always grim?—to be back before six, persuaded us to head the "Old Town" back toward camp. As we glided easily over the water, we were grateful to this fleet canoe which brought us back with time to spare.

An "Old Town" is the ideal canoe for every fishing trip. Light in weight and perfect in balance. Strong and durable too. Priced as low as \$67. From dealer or factory.

New catalog gives prices and complete information about sailing canoes, square-stem canoes, dinghies, etc. Write for free copy today. OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 1837 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine.

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